The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1923 No. 3001

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Subscription Rates—Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 1170 People's Gas Building. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: Ernest Thurtle, 36 Temple, Fortune Hill, N. W. 4, England.

DESPITE the suggestions of aid from the United States and the solidity of English public opinion against an invasion of the Ruhr, as we go to press the French Government still threatens violent measures against Germany. There is also a sinister rumor that Bonar Law and Curzon have agreed to let the French have their way in the Ruhr with what is not theirs, so that England may have her way in Mosul with the oil which does not belong to her. Such a double-dyed transaction would be infamy pure and simple, and go far toward bringing about the ruin of Europe, as to which able observers like Maynard Keynes and A. G. Gardiner in England are again eloquent. The French antagonism to the Hughes feeler for a general economic conference, and their refusal to accept Dr. Cuno's plan for the establishment of peace under the trusteeship of an unnamed nation, presumably America, look as if the French Government were finally showing its hand. This may be a momentous week. Mr. Gardiner believes that the French and English premiers must now face in Paris the issue which they have been postponing for two years. If they do not, and if the French carry out their threat to invade and seize control of additional German territory, these so-called statesmen will write themselves down as enemies of mankind.

SENATOR BORAH had a right to smile when Senator Lodge read President Harding's words about the Borah amendment: "On the face of things it is equivalent to saying that the executive branch of the Government . . . is not fully alive to a world situation which is of deep concern to the United States." The executive branch of the Government is not even yet fully alive to the world situation, despite the fact that Senator Borah's action has given it a rude awakening. The discrepancies between Mr. Hughes's speech, Mr. Harding's letter, and the statements made in the Senate by Administration leaders make it impossible to tell precisely what is the Administration's program; the evidence seems to be that until Senator Borah goaded it into a hasty attempt to concoct some more effective show of activity, the Administration had confined itself to passing on German suggestions to the French with mild indications of approval. While we must confess our disappointment that the Borah amendment did not prevail, it seems as if much of the desired effect had been achieved; in any event, the Senator has another most useful and statesmanlike action to his credit if only because he again focused the country's attention upon the European need.

THE Administration's chief difficulty is of its own making. It seems determined to follow Mr. Wilson's disastrous policy of keeping the public and the Senate in the dark until its negotiations have been completed. That inevitably irritates both public and Senate, and makes them suspicious of the results of the negotiations. It is plain that the Administration cannot expect to win the cooperation of the French in any plan that involves a reduction of reparations or abandonment of occupation unless it is ready to offer something in return. That something obviously must take the form of an adjustment of the inter-Allied debts, which Congress will have to approve. Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes have both hinted at that necessity, but they seem afraid to speak above a whisper. Sooner or later the country and Congress will have to accept the necessity of such adjustment, but the Administration's policy of almost Klanlike mystery makes that difficult.

"WORSE than the condition of the slaves prior to the Civil War"—this is the verdict of the committee appointed by Mayor Hylan of New York to inquire into the living and working conditions of the miners in the Berwind-White mines. The report, signed by David Hirshfield, Commissioner of Accounts, as chairman, points out that E. J. Berwind is both president of the Berwind-White Company and chairman of the board of directors of the Interborough, in which latter capacity it was possible for him "to purchase from his own company coal mined under unfair and heart-breaking conditions and reap therefrom enormous profits, amounting in 1921 to over $1,600,000, with corresponding financial detriment to the tax- and rent-payers in the city of New York." The natural result of this inquiry is the recommendation by the committee that the government take over the coal-fields and operate them

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for "the benefit of the people." The New York newspapers have also given much attention to a most interesting proposal for public ownership, public control, and democratic management of the coal industry issued by the Nationalization Research Committee of the United Mine Workers and brought out at a dinner of the League for Industrial Democracy. When even the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* admits that the industry is in a chaotic and "half-feudal" condition, it is obvious that the nationalization of the mines must shortly become a leading political issue.

MORE than a year ago a commission was appointed by the Department of Labor to study conditions at Ellis Island. The recommendations of the commission were summarized and published, but its report was kept secret. Since then complaints have piled up, and the hardships suffered at the Island by British subjects have led to a discussion in the House of Commons. Secretary of Labor Davis replied to the British critics in the following glowing words:

> No hotel in the United States catering to the same class of patronage as that to be found among the immigrants at Ellis Island gives as good food, more pleasing surroundings, careful treatment, and sanitary conditions as that given to immigrants arriving at New York.

We are almost persuaded by Mr. Davis's words; but we doubt whether an adequate policy can be worked out on the basis of providing accommodations for immigrants only less vile than the cheapest lodging houses in the country. Mr. Davis invited the British Government to send a commission of inquiry to inspect the Island. That, we think, is a dodger's way of facing a serious charge. We even doubt whether Ambassador Geddes in his recent rapid tour of the Island saw all the immigrants see; you have to live in places to get the full flavor of them. Before inviting representatives of the British Government to live at Ellis Island with the rest of the immigrants, Secretary Davis might well put into effect the recommendations of his own commission. According to reliable information only two out of a list of nine recommendations have been carried out.

THE new British Opposition has been having such a roaring good time in Parliament that it is easy to overlook its more sober contributions in favor of its amiable impertinences. From the first, however, the Labor members have checked the Government up on all its economic and welfare measures, particularly on its schemes for handling the unemployment situation, and have pushed their own more comprehensive program. The effect on events is, of course, negligible, but the effect on the public mind is sure to be more considerable. Labor is urging a large-scale housing scheme, and other industrial measures, in addition to increases in the public works provided for in the Government estimates. Mr. Clynes pointed out that there are 118,739 building-trade workers now out of work receiving unemployment doles of £260,000 a month. The same money would build about 600 homes in the same time. "To what kind of political asylum," inquired Mr. Clynes, "should men be sent who every month are squandering money in this manner without getting a single stroke of work from men who are willing and able to do it?"

WE have heard much of Turkish atrocities; we have even been urged to fight to stop them. Now we have the report of a joint investigation commission of the International Red Cross and of the International Union for Children's Relief upon the terrible devastations of the Greeks during their hasty retreat through Anatolia. "We were struck by the remarkable activity of the Turkish Red Cross" they say. "Dispensaries where the sick, civilian wounded, and even Greek prisoners of war are cared for have been installed in the more important localities. . . . We talked with Greek war prisoners, but had no complaints of bad treatment by their guardians." Mr. William McFee writes to the New York *Times* of a suppressed semi-official American report upon the burning of Smyrna, which concludes that the Greeks were responsible for the fire, that the total casualties were only 1,200, and that less than three-quarters of a square mile was touched by the fire. It is well to recall these reports, not in order to become inflamed against the Greeks, but to realize that, despite the inevitable passions and prejudices of those in the midst of the great disasters of war, human nature on both sides of every battle-line is very much the same. What will the churchmen who have been crying for Turkish blood say now?

FOR three days, during the Workers' Party convention New York City's newspapers had front-page headlines recalling the reddest days of Attorney General Palmer. A timid stranger reading them might have been tempted to hurry to the nearest steamship office to book an outward passage, assured that (with doors open to the public) a convention was planning the immediate overthrow of the Government of the United States. Delegates were using the dread word "soviets"! They spoke with sympathy of the Third International; they sent a telegram of good cheer to Russia! They adopted a program based on Communist principles! Has not the time arrived to abandon the red spectacles of hysteria and to adapt themselves to facts as realistically as do newspapers and governments in Europe, where every country has its Communist Party and even its Communist deputies in Parliament? This convention represented a total membership of less than 15,000 the chief items on its agenda were formation of a Labor Party and a program for amalgamation of craft unions into industrial unions like the United Mine Workers or the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. It devoted as much time to discussing defense of political prisoners and education of foreign-born workers to take part in political life as to Soviet Russia. The Communists have learned that there is no world revolution just around the corner, and that minorities may lead but cannot "make" revolutions. They are no bomb-throwers; they are preachers of a social theory. It is about time that the headline-writers forgot the bomb nonsense, just as they have reluctantly been forced to abandon their titillating legend of the nationalization of women.

IT is the hour for the adoption of codes of ethics. Thus the Society of Mechanical Engineers has just voted a set of professional statutes intended to guide its members in their duties and responsibilities. Far more astonishing and noteworthy is the vote of the California Press Association to adopt a code of ethics for the newspapers of California. A special committee of five members was appointed to draft the code for presentation at the annual convention in 1923. We admire not only the spirit which prompted this, but the association's audacity and its faith to believe that any such code could be adopted or enforced if adopted. Remembering the decadence of the press of

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the Pacific Coast, we somehow cannot visualize a managing editor running a news item because it is ethically proper to do so when he knows it will cost the paper a $5,000 advertising contract. Not that we believe the situation to be worse in this respect in California than in Boston or Philadelphia—far from it. Nevertheless, we can only applaud the daring of this California association and record it as a hopeful sign of an awakening of the press to its public responsibilities.

"ALL stories involving the doings or sayings of Senator Couzens must henceforth be accompanied by copies of signed denials by the Senator, to expedite getting to press on time"—this, reports Mr. E. T. Loveday in the *Editor and Publisher*, was the notice recently posted in his office by a witty Detroit news-editor. At least Detroit journalists say that Mr. Couzens has set a world's record for having denials printed in regard to stories previously published about himself. "As a public officer," said one Detroit journalist, "I hand it to him, but as a source of news—*phew!*"—and he wondered how the Washington correspondents would get on with the new Senator. Well, Washington correspondents are used to that. Those who were there in Roosevelt's time knew full well the risk of a denial which they ran whenever they printed a story coming from the White House. There are public men who have even been known to confront correspondents with an interview in one hand and the denial in the other. Not that we would suggest that this applies to Senator Couzens, but there are public officials who seem to regard every interview merely as a trial balloon. If the public likes it, they stand by it; if not, why, the reporter entirely misconstrued what the official said. Correspondents have long learned that it does not pay to take issue with an official.

WE cannot let this new year get any older without a special word of cheer and congratulation to our friends the editors of the *Survey*. In dark times here is a bright spot indeed. Their principles never vary; their ideals remain the highest. In the face of enormous difficulties, financial and otherwise, they stick month in and month out to their faithful and invaluable recording of our social and moral progress. Their faith is unconquerable, their hope unquenchable. They are steadily piling up records alike invaluable to the student of contemporary progress and to the future historian. If ever we have a Hall of Fame for journalists who really merit distinction Paul Kellogg's name will be there as one who conceived constructive ideas as readily as an electric wheel can throw off sparks. If *The Nation* were in the fortunate position of our friends of the New York *Vorwärts* and were earning an unneeded surplus for distribution to the causes in which it believes, it would make one of its first contributions to the editors of the *Survey*.

EVERY now and then something happens which casts a sudden ray of sunlight into an editorial sanctum which tends, from overmuch study of the seams of life, to become cloudy and cynical. The newspapers announced the other day that Henry A. Dix of New York City was turning over to his employees his million-dollar clothing business. One of our suspicious editors began investigating. First he discovered that Mr. Dix operated a non-union shop; then, however, he discovered that the union officials had only good to say of Mr. Dix. In twenty-seven years of business life he has never had a strike, in part because he has always maintained better-than-union conditions. His employees work a five-day week, in some shops forty and in some forty-four hours. Then the editor went to see Mr. Dix, and returned converted. For here were a father and son, Jewish immigrants both, who had built up a successful business and were honestly seeking to retire from profit-making for greater service. Their plan, which is essentially a sale of the entire plant on very easy terms to a trusted group of old employees, with profit-sharing stock ownership for the rest, may not mark a very thoughtful step on the path to industrial democracy, but it is the expression of a spirit which will mean much for that consummation.

IT is well to remember in these days that Pasteur, not Napoleon, is the popular hero of France. Thousands of sermons have been preached upon the votes of French school children that Louis Pasteur was the greatest Frenchman. Those votes were indeed a record of the essential healthy-mindedness of the French people, and especially of the French peasant, for the rural districts used to roll up the greatest vote for the scientist. But the sermon-makers, in America at least, might be shocked if they were to ask the French school children why Pasteur was great. For they would discover that while we on this side of the ocean are celebrating his centenary as the founder of preventive medicine, French peasant children know Pasteur as the man who saved the wine industry of France by discovering the harmless method of stopping bacterial fermentation known as pasteurization. Their second thoughts would be of sheep saved from anthrax and of silkworms saved from the silkworm plague; only as an afterthought might they recall the application of Pasteur's discoveries to babies' milk and general sanitation, so much less common in Pasteur's own country than in Lister's or our own.

THE American Defense Society continues its career as a public nuisance. Its latest performance is to protest against the American tour of the Moscow Art Theater on the ground that that organization will be a source of soviet propaganda and that its profits will accrue to the benefit of the Communist experiment. A good deal of this sort of thing springs, of course, from good, honest, profound, and universal ignorance. It is too much to expect the American Defense Society to know that the magnificent and indeed epoch-making achievements of Stanislavsky and his associates in the art of the theater antedate the war by many, many years, or that these men and women are artists—ah, if the members of the Defense Society had but an inkling of the meaning of that word—who are dedicated to forms of truth and beauty that outsoar and transcend capitalism and communism and all the other -isms to which the fight for food drives poor mortals. Moreover, the Moscow Art Theater was permitted in Paris, a fact which should soothe even the hundred percenter; it has, here, the backing of Mr. Otto H. Kahn—not much economic heresy there—and it is, like all organizations really devoted to art in this world, poor and in debt. It is pleasant to record that the Actors Equity Association, always a tower of strength, good feeling, and good sense, intends electing to honorary membership every member of the Moscow group.

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France Calls a Sheep's Tail a Leg

FRANCE is preparing a new barrier on the Rhine and a new guaranty in the Ruhr. The French seem never to forget. Through kingdoms, empires, and shifts of parties in the republic, they maintain the same great lines of foreign policy. And one of these is the doctrine, which dates back to Charlemagne's day, was clearly formulated by Richelieu, and was again made famous by Rousseau, of "the natural frontiers of France." "Limits traced by nature," Rousseau called the Rhine and the Alps. Louis XIV justified the long series of wars in which he laid waste the Palatinate through the decades of his reign by that curiously persistent doctrine. The Convention and the Directory proclaimed it in revolutionary days, and Napoleon maintained it. Judge Bausman tells of a booklet circulated in the United States by the French consulates during the war, which frankly asserts that the prevention of German unity "was a matter-of-fact plan, inspired by good sense and thoroughly led by the clear consciousness of the national interest" of France. In December, 1918, one of the French deputies shouted in the Chamber amid cheers that "the Rhine is the true frontier of Gaul—Caesar said so." Briand in the secret treaties, Foch at the Peace Conference, Tardieu in his own book, evidence the same obsession—yet today our newspapers print seriously Poincaré's and Clemenceau's denials.

"I know of no party in France wishing to annex any German territory; we never claimed German territory and that shows we never meant to," says Clemenceau. M. Poincaré chimes in: "There has never been in France a Government, Minister, or even a Senator or Deputy capable of making such an unreasonable plan or wishing to subject German populations to French domination."

One is driven simply to exclaim "Liar," so overwhelming is the evidence. Let us go back to January 12, 1917, when M. Briand wrote to the French Ambassador in London:

> One question which will certainly come up is that of the left bank of the Rhine. Some good minds in France, *attached to the oldest traditions of our national policy,* demand it as the lost heritage of the French Revolution, necessary, as Richelieu said, "to round out our lot." . . . In our eyes Germany should no longer have a footing this side of the Rhine. The organization of these territories, their neutrality, their provisional occupation, will be discussed in exchanges of views among the Allies. But it is important that France, most directly concerned in the territorial status of this region, should have a preponderant voice in studying its solution.

Or take the secret agreement of February 14, 1917, made by the French Government with Russia:

> . . . The boundaries will be extended at least to the limits of the former principality of Lorraine, and will be fixed under the direction of the French Government. *At the same time strategic demands must be taken into consideration so as to include within the French territory the whole of the industrial basin of Lorraine and the whole of the industrial coal-basin of the valley of the Sarre.* Other territories located on the left bank of the Rhine . . . shall be completely separated from Germany and shall be freed from all political and economic dependence on her, . . . shall form an autonomous and neutral government, and shall be occupied by French armies until such time as the enemy governments completely fulfil all the conditions and guaranties mentioned in the treaty of peace.

That is an official agreement to annex outright the exclusively German valley of the Sarre, and proves the lie.

But there is more. We should not let ourselves be deceived by forms of words about French intentions in the rest of the Rhineland. An "independent" Rhineland, detached from Germany by force, united to France by a customs union, and occupied by French troops, is in fact if not in name an annexed Rhineland. That is what the successive French governments have persistently sought since the armistice. M. Tardieu tells us that Marshal Foch demanded the Rhine frontier as early as November 27, 1918. He repeated the demand in a memoir dated January 10, 1919. Clemenceau and Tardieu developed the thesis in a longer memoir. In March they suggested that the new Rhineland states be put under the "protection" of the League of Nations. (They were always careful to state that their proposals were not "annexation.") All non-Rhenish officials were to be expelled, and property of non-Rhenish Germans was to be liquidated. In May, 1919, Ray Stannard Baker tells us, they attempted to form a Rhenish republic with the aid of their army, and actually requested American aid.

Finally, the treaty made an apparent compromise; it made the Sarre a vassal state but left the Rhineland part of Germany, subject to Allied occupation for fifteen years, or longer if Germany did not fulfil all her obligations under the treaty. But some of those obligations, as all the world now knows, are impossible of fulfilment, and if the treaty can never be fulfilled the occupation is permanent. Poincaré made his purpose cynically clear in the French Chamber six weeks ago when he interrupted M. Loucheur to point out that there was no need of further agreements to make that occupation permanent. And the difference between permanent occupation and annexation becomes in time only a matter of words.

A still more recent chapter in this French policy is the amazingly frank Dariac report, printed in *The Nation* for December 6. M. Dariac, sent by M. Poincaré to study conditions in the Rhineland, reported that France should adopt a firmer policy, separate the Rhineland from Germany by a customs barrier and raze the customs barrier on the French side, replace all Prussian by Rhenish officials, convoke an elected assembly, and extend the powers of the High Commissioner, the aim being defined as to "detach from Germany a free Rhineland under the military guard of France and Belgium"—which is sufficiently clear.

A still further step is impending. Because Germany is some thousands of telegraph poles behind in her reparations deliveries for 1922, France has obtained a declaration of the Reparation Commission declaring Germany in voluntary default. That, she maintains, gives her the right independently to undertake new sanctions, including occupation of the Ruhr. She cares more today about occupation than about reparation. To be sure, she puts it in other words, thus: "France will not occupy or invade the Ruhr but several thousand French engineers and others will be sent into the Ruhr; the few battalions that accompany them will do only police work." In other words, the French will send in troops to police the Ruhr and engineers to run its industries but they will not "occupy" it. Such Gallic play with words reminds us of the old riddle: "If you call a sheep's tail a leg how many legs has a sheep?" The answer is: "Four; for a tail is still a tail, whatever you call it."

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The Diesel Conquers

QUIETLY, almost unheralded, there has been taking place a revolution on the ocean which bids fair to be almost as far reaching as the introduction of steam. The Diesel engine has come, been seen, and has conquered. When the *Nautical Gazette* reported not long ago that the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand had placed an order in Glasgow for the construction of a 20,000-ton Diesel-motor passenger liner to make 18 knots an hour, it appeared as if the new type of engine had finally achieved success. Not that this is the first Diesel liner to be planned and operated. The Elder Dempster Company, for instance, is operating two such boats, their latest, the Adda, having sailed on her maiden voyage on November 29 with 330 passengers. But this vessel has a tonnage of only 12,800 with a speed of 14 knots. Her engines are of the 4-cycle type, whereas the New Zealand liner will be equipped with the first 2-cycle heavy-oil-burning motors ever placed in a large ship. Up to this time it has been held that while the Diesel could drive out the familiar triple-expansion steam engine of cargo vessels, it would not be able to surpass the twin-screw geared turbine of the liner.

The *Nautical Gazette* goes so far as to assert that if this 20,000-ton New Zealand liner comes up to expectation we shall have motor liners on the Atlantic in no time at all. Its argument is that there is such great economy, both in fuel and labor, in a heavy-oil boat that the Diesel liner will be able at once to attract trade by much lower passenger rates, with the result that competing companies will have to follow suit. Moreover, economy is not the only advantage. Even on the present oil burners there are smoke and dirt to contend with, and sometimes there are uncomfortable odors, while the fire hazard is indubitably greater. It is true that there is a higher first cost in the installation of the Diesel engines, but it is believed that the increasing demand for them will rapidly lead to standardization of the engine and therefore to a marked cheapening. Already, the existing oil-fuel liners have put an end to the terrible suffering of firemen in the stoke-holes; the Diesel engine-room is a still further advance in comfortable conditions of labor for the fire-room crew. Up to this time, wherever the Diesel engine has been tried, whether on cargo vessels or tankers or tugs or yachts, it has been a success, and no one has ever suggested taking out the engine and returning to an older type. All told, motor-ships now comprise a tonnage of 1,031,067 as compared with 60,749,435 tons of steam vessels. The following table gives the tonnage of the leading maritime nations:

Country	Steam and motor-ship	Motor-ship alone
Denmark	963,142	132,208
Sweden	1,040,032	113,264
Norway	2,417,680	123,168
Holland	2,292,923	44,690
Italy	2,840,621	46,676
Germany	1,342,935	18,846
England	22,039,479	280,244
United States	15,287,677	178,015
France	3,766,827	37,285

How great an influence this new internal-combustion engine has abroad is illustrated by the development of the Danish merchant fleet, whose efficiency is far greater than before the war, despite a loss of 30 per cent through sinkings by German submarines. This increased efficiency is entirely due to the building of new vessels equipped with the Diesel engine. For instance, the East Asiatic Company now has a fleet of twenty-two ships, all of which have been built since 1912 and all of them are equipped with the Diesel. A single Danish engineering company, the Burmeister and Wain Company, equipped 94 ships with Diesel motors in the ten years between 1912 and 1922.

Now, this rapid development of the Diesel ship is of very great importance to the United States just at the present moment when we are trying to decide what is the best means of handling our large new merchant fleet. All the subsidies asked will not make it possible to run our steam fleet, even when trade revives, if those ships are compelled to compete with new vessels of the heavy-oil-burning type. Hence, there is the demand that rigid economies be made in Washington, for instance by combining the Shipping Board and the Fleet Corporation, and then using the savings to begin the work of installing modern engines in the great fleet of our government-owned ships now laid up. If it is necessary to spend large sums to keep American boats on the seas, then by all means let us spend it in improving our ships so that they will have the chance of competing successfully with foreign vessels when the trade of the world recovers from its present depression.

The Horse That Dared to Laugh

OUR American universities are showing themselves more and more plainly as amazingly sensitive organisms, blinking creatures of darkness, fearful of the effects of light or of frankness or of criticism. Like certain lower forms of animal life they are capable only of irritability; when pricked they withdraw; when touched by a drop of acid they kick. This charge is not true of all of them. There are a few universities which perform their true function of giving light and emitting sparks of fire. Among these, however, are not to be found two of our greatest—numerically—State universities, the University of California and the University of Michigan. Small incidents at each institution have told the story of their temper and administration, and thrown a clear light on the majority of our colleges.

At Michigan G. D. Eaton, a member of the teaching force, recently wrote a review in the college daily favorably criticizing John Kenneth Turner's book, "Shall It Be Again?" Previously in outside publications, and for all we know on the campus as well, he had criticized unfavorably the administration of the university. Now, institutions of this sort are not only sensitive to criticism; they are almost equally sensitive about being considered sensitive to criticism. They have developed a defensive mechanism whereby they ignore the actual causes of irritation and finally act on a patent pretext. Nations do the same thing. The University of Michigan ignored Mr. Eaton's discussions of itself, but when he approved publicly of Mr. Turner's unorthodox views of the sanctity and success of the war, it barred him from all further connection with student publications.

The University of California chose purity rather than patriotism as its final *casus belli*. For several months a publication called *Laughing Horse* had been published in Berkeley by three men, one of them Roy Chanslor, a student in the university. One of the other two editors has written an outline of the actions of the paper and of their results

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which does not differ in any way from newspaper and other accounts of the incident. He says:

Laughing Horse, a magazine of satire, was started in Berkeley, California, in April, 1922. In its first four issues it satirized higher education in America with pointed reference to the University of California and aroused the enmity of the university authorities. In its fourth number it printed excerpts from Upton Sinclair's "Goose-Step, a Study of American Education" which had to do with the University of California, and this same issue contained a letter from D. H. Lawrence reviewing Ben Hecht's "Fantazius Mallare," in which the famous English novelist expressed his theories of sex psychology in his characteristic straightforward manner. . . . Jack California Butler, a university student, was induced to swear out a warrant charging the editors with printing and circulating obscene matter, and pointing to the letter by D. H. Lawrence as the instance. Roy Chanslor, one of the editors, surrendered himself to the police and was released on $250 bail. When the case was brought to trial it was thrown out of court in less than a minute. . . . Chanslor was called before the University Student Affairs Committee, the high court of student government, and questioned as to his attitude toward the D. H. Lawrence letter. They then denounced *Laughing Horse* as an obscene and corrupting journal not fit for student consumption. Today Chanslor was summoned before President David P. Barrows of the University, and peremptorily expelled from the University of California. Although the technical charge in this case was for printing obscene matter, the consensus of opinion is that the prosecution came as a result of the general policy of criticism maintained by the magazine toward the university, and in particular the article by Upton Sinclair.

President Barrows has not defended his action in expelling Chanslor, nor has he answered the other charges rained on his head. Some of the most pointed were contained in an open letter from Upton Sinclair, who told the president that he considered the publication of the D. H. Lawrence letter foolish, not because it and the author were, in Barrows's words, "decadent, obscene, and degenerate," but because the editors of *Laughing Horse* should have concentrated "upon the far more important issue, which is your administration of the university in the interest of capitalist imperialism." Among other items Sinclair cited the president's efforts to bring about war with Mexico at a time when he was both dean of the university and vice-president of the Vera Cruz Land and Cattle Company.

These recent cases in two State universities are isolated, but are they uncommon? Is freedom of criticism the general rule in our American universities? Would Eaton never have been removed from all means of expression at the University of Michigan if he had confined his criticisms to the administration and suppressed his doubts about the war? Would Chanslor not have been expelled if he had refrained from quoting D. H. Lawrence that he might the better assail the "capitalist imperialism" of the University of California and its president? No, sensitive as they are about purity and patriotism, our university administrations are even more sensitive about themselves. Professor Cattell was expelled from Columbia for his views on the war, but for years his views on university control had made him a thorn in the tender flesh of President Butler. The causes of such events always lie close to the skin, and when they exist the necessary pretext for action is not far to seek. If Eaton had not admired Turner, and if Chanslor had not quoted Lawrence, they would have done something equally opportune. Remember Serajevo!

Every Day, in Every Way, a Slogan

A FRIEND assures us that Dr. Coué owes his sudden great fame in America to the translator of that portion of his book on self-mastery which contains the slogan "Every day, in every way, I am getting better and better." A literal translation, this friend declares, would have been, "Every day, in every *respect*, I am getting better and better," and that reading would obviously have killed the value of the slogan. It was the rhyme and the rhythm, as well as the sentiment itself, which made the slogan "go," and so "put Dr. Coué over" with the American public. So, our friend says, we ought to unite to buy a wreath of flowers in honor of this benefactor of Dr. Coué, and of all humanity, to be hung at the entrance of the publisher's home, or at the door of the room which Dr. Coué will occupy while he is here.

We fall in with this suggestion all the more cheerfully because we have long felt that there ought to be somewhere a tomb of an Unknown Translator at which humble pilgrims and even Presidents of the Republic might annually do homage and "say it with flowers." For it is an undeniable fact that there is no crueller fate than that of the translator. If an Englished book fails of success, why, the author has the certainty in his heart that it was the translator who spoiled a work of genius. But if a book succeeds in a foreign language, then it is the author's triumph. Who then knows or cares who the translator was? Who remembers the translators of Zola, or De Maupassant, or Schiller, or Goethe, or Tolstoi, or Dostoevski? Do they not all lie in unknown graves? And when one considers how many bad books they have killed by faithful and fittingly poor translations, is it not beyond dispute that there should be a national memorial in Westminster Abbey and at Arlington Cemetery to these humble servants of the literary great?

But this musing has led us somewhat astray. We set out to dwell upon the marvels a successful slogan can accomplish. Every successful "realtor," every "ad" man, every bill-board user, yes, every daily newspaperman knows that nothing takes in advertising like a jingle or a slogan. An apple a day may keep the doctor away, but it more surely sells thousands of Skookum apples. "Eventually; why not now?" has helped to build up more than one fortune. "There's a reason" lined the pockets of C. W. Post. The slogan, of course, does not have to be true; one can claim to print "all the news that's fit," and still disseminate unfit news by the yard and the mile. It is the catchwords that count; not the intrinsic merit or truthfulness of what is advertised. So Dr. Coué was in great luck when he and his translator hit upon a phrase that has spread like wildfire from ocean to ocean. We do not believe that it was an intentional play upon one of the most striking of our American qualities. We only heartily wish that some physician and translator could be found jointly to devise a similarly effective slogan for the cancer campaign, or the even more necessary one to pry open the American mind, purge it of its inhibitions, and let new ideas into it—here is, indeed, an opening for self-curing and self-mastery to which the genius of a Coué and his translator plus that of a Pasteur might well be applied.

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These United States—XX*

ALABAMA: A Study in Ultra-Violet

By CLEMENT WOOD

THE Spaniards marched raggedly into Alabama before 1540, and then blundered on. The French fortified Twenty-seven Mile Bluff on the Mobile River in 1702, and in that neighborhood they have stayed. English traders of Carolina bored into the valley of the Alabama River in 1687, and radiated and settled throughout the four-square richness of the State. They found almost infinite variety: Florence perched upon its palisaded bluegrass plateau, Dothan drowsing in the sluggish shadows of palmettoes, Livingston crowning the fertile western muck of the Black Belt, Opelika baked in the sandy eastern lowland. There were no igloos and icebergs, no grand canyons, no fire-breathing Popocatapetls; but there were hill and valley, river and gulf coast, chill uplands, baked midlands, lush tropical lowlands: a land superbly endowed to be an abiding-place for the soul of man. These English traders dragged over the Blue Ridge with their wagons, floated in flatboats down the Tennessee to Muscle Shoals, and pushed on packhorses to the bottom of the State; they overflowed along Gaines's Trace and the Natchez Trace in the North, and the "Three Chopped Way" in the South. Not only traders came: planters pushed behind them, with their household goods and Negro chattels. In 1820 the Negroes were nearly a third of the total population; in 1870, they constituted 47 per cent; in 1910, 42½ per cent. Negroes compose more than 75 per cent of the population of the eleven counties in the Black Belt; "free and unterrified white Anglo-Saxon Democrats" constitute the remaining quarter. In ten of the upper mountain counties there are practically no Negroes. It was these counties that gave birth, in 1860, to the stillborn proposal to form a neutral State to be called Nickajack. They went with the South in the end; and the problems arising from the commingling of colors are theirs, as well as Alabama's, and the South's, and the nation's.

Alabama is the center of the sisterhood of Southern States: Montgomery was therefore the first capital of the Confederacy. Topographically these are the most fertile States in the Union; if we are still to judge a tree by its fruit, mentally, spiritually, they are the most sterile. What is true of Alabama is largely true of Georgia and Mississippi, of Tennessee, the Carolinas, Florida, northern Louisiana, and Arkansas. It is perhaps more true of Alabama than of any of these. Hers is a static sterility; observing the stubborn medievalism that possesses her merely, one may well credit a surviving saurian in Patagonia. For years there was one Darwinian—in Alabama argot, "atheist"—on the faculty of the State University; the fact, in spite of the professor's popularity, was a whispered scandal. Darwin to many Alabamians is Lenin and Landru in one, assuming that they have heard of either or both. The State is saturated with a provincialism that prefers the *Demopolis Gazette* to the New York *World*, and the Capitol at Montgomery to Notre Dame. This may be due to shrewd common sense; as a hoe is worth more to a field hand than a Stradivarius could be. It is a land where G. K. Chesterton's ideas would be considered advanced; none but an Alabama radical considers advancing them.

Alabama has the largest production of pig iron among the States, and the third highest percentage of illiteracy. She is fourth among the States in the production of cotton, and one of the heartiest encouragers of child labor. Apologists for the State point to the drain of the Civil War and the anguish of Reconstruction: both of these were by-products of the vaster blight of slavery, whose price the State is still paying. Her story is the story of Romulus and Uncle Remus, the white man and his darker brother. In the old story, the autocratic city-builder slew his brother; this facile ending was only in the fable. Alabama is still looking for the answer to the questions: What will she do with him; and what will he do with her? There are other problems as definitely hers as this one; but, since it is the most important and the least understood, the others must be ignored, with mere acknowledgment of their existence.

An after-growth of slavery—that is Alabama today. And slavery, as Helper's "Impending Crisis" decisively established, is the most costly form of industrial organization yet devised. "If slavery continues," a Southern Representative admitted in Congress, "they will soon be advertising for runaway masters, instead of runaway slaves." "Free" Negro labor has not served the State better; although free Negro labor might. How many throughout the Union know —how many Alabamians guess—that the average value per acre of farm land in Alabama dropped from $11.86 in 1860 to $8.67 in 1900? A more recent figure might show again an upward trend; but the decline was the product of the first forty years' wandering in the wilderness of black emancipation.

The Negro question permeates every phase of Southern thinking. It wakes with the Southern white, walks with him, keeps him from sleep; it is never absent from the Southern black. It drugs Alabama's educational system. How can it be otherwise, when a typical Black Belt county spends $17.35 on each white pupil, and ninety cents on each colored pupil? It determines Alabama's economic thinking. The per capita wealth of the Southern white is $885; that of the Negro, $34, or one-twenty-fifth as much. It splits the labor movement. Shall Negroes be admitted to unions, and how; and if not, what about strike time? Long before the country voted to go dry it saddled prohibition on Alabama and the South in the attempt to divorce the Negro from the intoxication of gin. It retarded woman suffrage. "Would you want your wife and daughters to be forced to jostle Negro washwomen, and worse, at the polls?" This, by the way, was typical American political logic; since Negro men are as prominent at the polls as Eskimo pies in Hades. It may retard any general exodus from Alabama to Heaven, at least until the unsullied Anglo-Saxons are assured that the Negro there will know his place. And, speaking of the unsullied Anglo-Saxons, the catch phrase applied by rural Southern statesmen to their white audiences, the mind directly recalls that the Negro problem affects the sex life of the whole South. White women shiver at its feline menace; white men arm and klan against it, even

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while its siren voice hums a constant invitation; many Negro women smile with satisfaction at it, many more shrink from it; Negro men watch it, sometimes reach an arm over the wall for its forbidden fruit, and sometimes burn for it.

"What is the solution to the Negro question?"

"There's only one: amalgamation." The man who said this to me was then an Alabama Congressman, conservative, non-alarmist, who still stands high in State and nation. "But, above everything, don't quote me! My political life wouldn't be worth that, if you did. . . . You see," he continued, "it's going on now. . . . All the time. It always has. Read your statistics on the increase of mulattoes. It's a pity that it's the lowest elements of both races that unite; but . . . it's going on."

How far was this Congressman right? A few scattered facts may materialize the problem. A Democratic candidate for governor was speaking at a rally in Montgomery, some twenty years ago. He finished his set speech; an excited man rose in the rear of the hall, shaking a lean, accusing finger at the orator. "What about your family of black bastards, Governor?" The distinguished Alabamian came forward to the challenge, and pointed an index finger straight at his questioner. "I've raised 'em, and educated 'em, and made decent, law-abiding citizens of 'em; and that's a damn sight more than you've done for your black bastards!" There was wild applause at this; the interrupter was thrown out. The story spread from end to end of the State; the candidate was elected. Spoken like a true white Southerner; for the ethics of old-time Southern chivalry included this treatment of the black race. In what other section of the Union could a man have been elected to public office, after such a confession?

In slavery, a state of concubinage between the master and comely slaves was permitted. The master was owner of the bodies of his slaves; can not a man do what he will with his own? There are those who state that certain strong-minded white mistresses played the same game, as a fitting payment to their catholic spouses. Certain leading white men had two families, the white and the near-white. There was a State Senator who was half-brother to a Negro door-tender at the Capitol—a Negro so light that visitors mistook him for the white brother. In slavery, it was to a large extent the better class of each race which intermingled. For years, in both races, the drift has been away from this. In many circles the white man who has a colored mistress thereby has lost caste; the better class of Negroes no longer admit to the circle of their peers the Negress who is a white man's by-wife.

And yet, the mixing continues. There are still the double families, in scattered locations. There is still the occasional case where the white woman accepts a Negro lover. Among white boys of all classes there is much of this denial of the color line. This is less in the cities, and more in the country: for the cities offer white prostitutes, and in the rural districts loose white women are scarcer, or more difficult of approach, than Negro girls. The condition at the State University is not untypical. It is located in a small town, Tuscaloosa, with few slack white women; and the Negresses are "easy." More than a dozen of the writer's classmates and intimates at this institution have explained to him that their first direct sexual experience had come with one of the willing Negro girls; the prevalence of the relationship there was a byword.

When it comes to Southern white men of the better families, it must be remembered that in slavery many men openly cohabited with Negro mistresses; now as a rule only the boys of college age do this and in many places a strong movement has grown up against it. The practice has shrunk from an accepted custom to a wild oat. But the mixing is not confined to boys today. There are certain white men, usually not from the better classes, who live exclusively with Negro mistresses, or who maintain families in both races. It is told on good authority that in one town the long-suffering white wives met in indignation, and delivered the ultimatum to their husbands that they must choose between their white wives and their black mistresses. The husbands refused to leave the mistresses.

The white woman occupies a peculiar position, in thus sharing her man, not with an equal, but with one who in her eyes is little removed from the animal. How does she react to the situation? For one thing, she denies that it exists; just as the white man, until he becomes confidential, denies it. The generation of the white mother of yesterday and the day before—I speak of the so-called higher-class women especially—was so saturated with that forthright denial of life and its truths that we call Victorianism that she did not know of the dual racial experiences of her menfolk; that she would not hear of them, and can say little concerning them. Such a woman led a life sheltered and remote, even as compared to the Northern white woman of the same period; she kept to her bedroom, her kitchen, her parlor, and had no eyes and no ears for what happened in the servants' quarters. But the men knew; and the Negroes knew.

It was—it is—a life of strange inconsistencies, of eerie contradictions. There is the stream of unsullied Anglo-Saxon blood; there is the casual byword that no Negress has virtue. There is the denial that the races intermingle to any extent, with laws and klans to extirpate the odd case; there is the fetish that loose morals among Negro women protect the purity of white girls. Everybody knows that it is, and that it isn't. It is like life in the fourth dimension, which the mathematicians tell us touches our familiar three dimensions at all points, and yet is wholly intangible. It is in this impossible and omnipresent world that the Southern whites and Negroes dwell. Perhaps it would be apter to say that they inhabit a world illumined by the light rays beyond the violet of the spectrum—rays invisible to the eye, but more active and, wrongly used, more maleficent than the visible. These are the rays of powerful chemical action; they share qualities with the dynamic Roentgen or X-rays, which penetrate through the garb of flesh to the bone beneath. They are rays that cure—or kill. It is in this infra-twilight world, never seen, yet always just at hand, just beyond the corner of the vision of the eye, that the races meet and mingle. It is no shrinking violet of a world: it is a land of gusty and pernicious forces, driving furtively to their perverted, unrecognized matings.

We have spoken of that postulate of Southern white thinking, that a Negro woman has no virtue. The Southern white man today knows only the lowest type of Negress—the type largely in the majority. More than two hundred thousand Negro women work in Alabama; almost as many workers as the Negro men. Seventy-one per cent of these are field hands, and 26 per cent domestic servants. The white man comes in contact with these, and generalizes his denial of virtue to the race from them. But there is a growing class of cultured Negro women, sheltered from the

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Southern white, of whom this is increasingly incorrect. The truth lies at some distance from the casual byword. The low-class Negro woman attaches less value to her chastity; and in accepting a white lover, she obeys the deep biological law that woman chooses a mate superior to herself. This slackness is not confined to the Southern Negro girl; there is much of it among white mill girls, perhaps the largest low white class in Alabama.

Worst of all, from the standpoint of the white man's welfare, there is, in the South, apparently no acceptance of responsibility in such a relationship, on the part of the man. The Negro girl, it is said, has no legal recourse. The law in certain States recognizes no such thing as a bastardy proceeding of a Negress against a white man. The very intimacy is outlawed; no rights may spring from it. It is no wonder that the Negro girl is easy game; there is no close season against hunting her. It is easy for the white man to accept the relationship; he assumes no risk. Illegitimacy is always an anomalous relationship; but elsewhere there is a recognized stigma on the father. This abnormal freedom from responsibility is true only of the South. As long as it continues, we may expect this furtive tasting of the flesh-pots of Ethiopia.

The case of the cultured Negro woman is rather apart from the others. She is sheltered from all Southern white men, as far as may be; yet her problems come too. The wife of a Negro doctor, quite well-to-do, confided to a friend: "I would never dare tell my husband or brothers half of the things white men say to me. Whenever I enter a store, the clerks make insinuations or outright proposals. . . ." No comely girl of this class escapes solicitations from white men. One Negro father sent his daughter North to Columbia University to separate her from the attentions of a white admirer. The man followed her to New York. Such a woman, in the main, is sheltered; she is never safe. Advances come to her; there is little law to which she can appeal, if a white man invades her home. It is at the risk of his own blood that her husband dare even lay hands on a white man to protect her. Grandfathers have been lynched for protesting against mistreatment of their young colored granddaughters. The situation of the Negro husband, father, or brother, under these not infrequent occurrences, is a hideous dilemma: dishonor or death are the proffered choices. And there is always the threat of the black hour of a race riot, started by some isolated breath of white lust.

What is the status of the breathing product of these alliances between the races? Is he white, or black, or both, or neither? He is really both; but man itches to checkerboard the universe, and pigeon-hole everything as this, or that—never half this and half that. It hardly irks him that what he calls the laws of nature are against him; let the legislature pass a law that it is day until 5:59 p. m., and night the next second; and all will be well. Is there any problem our American Solons cannot and have not solved? The legislature of Texas has decreed how long sheets must be, the Assembly of Maryland has fixed by ukase the length of women's skirts, the Houses in Pennsylvania have banned a cinema kiss beyond thirty feet or so, and prohibit a scene showing a mother sewing on baby clothes, before the baby is born: the element of surprise in life must be maintained, at any cost! By a majority of one, the Kentucky Legislature recently decided that Darwin was right, and that man evolved from the animal. A million years' slow incubation of the wonder of life could have been changed by a switch in the vote of the tobacco-chewing gentleman from Alfalfa County. It is interesting to see what the law says of the children of the dusk. Edwards's "West Indies" declared that in the Spanish and French West Indies there was no degradation of color beyond the quadroon. In Virginia, before 1860, a colored person was one who had a fourth or more of Negro blood; in Carolina, an eighth or more. The Louisiana law was stricter; no amount of white blood could emancipate the offspring of a slave. A Louisiana war legislature considered a bill to legalize marriages between white and black, and rejected it; later her law defined the white man living with a Negro woman as a vagrant. The law in many Southern States defines as a Negro one who has one-eighth or more of African blood; but the census enumerators since 1790 have followed the popular conception which classes as Negro all persons known or believed to have any admixture of African blood. All such persons are subject to the discrimination of Jim Crow cars, Jim Crow restaurants, Jim Crow theater balconies, and to a social standing that means ostracism in its kindest hour.

If this were all—this crazy-quilt of racial intermingling—it might not be worth while to put it down on paper. But this is not the half. The great misfortune is not that there are mulatto children in Alabama; it is that Alabama, the State itself, is the offspring of two races, united so furtively and blunderingly that she is immeasurably the loser by her joint parentage. The mental and spiritual sterility of the land has been catalogued with devastating impertinence by H. L. Mencken, and stated by others. Two-fifths of the population are stigmatized as inferior, and kept illiterate; their every effort at individual and racial progress is obstructed and bitterly contested. The races are in daily contact; and each is affected by the contact. The white imparts to the Negro something of his outlook on life and its problems—an outlook lifted and corrected by contact with the progressive thought of the world. The Negro imparts to the white his ignorant, superstitious attitude on the same questions—an influence that is not recognized, that may be scoffed at, but that takes root and grows to noxious height. Let us not have this or that benefit, lest the Negro share it. "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these——" Alabama is both races. If she forgets this, the cost to herself will be desolating.

This cost she is paying: and it is not a small thing. What is the State's—or the South's—contribution to the absorbing world of science, that handmaiden of man in his progress from beasthood? What is the State's—or the South's—contribution to music, to drama, to sculpture, to painting, to literature? Where are the State's, and the South's, critical reviews, publishing houses? Some slight answer might be made to all these questions. But Alabama leads the States alphabetically; and it is time she awoke from her lotus doze, and accepted man's responsibilities, out of which grow man's achievements. It is easy to follow the old ruts, to keep alive old attitudes of hatred, prejudice, ill-treatment; it is hard to think, to weigh courses and adopt the stranger, fairer way: but this is the price of full living. That land does not prosper, half of whose citizens are kept from wisdom, and in economic, mental, and spiritual poverty. That land cannot speak her word, nor sing her song, when half of her tongue strives against the other half, when half is bound and half is free. But when has good counsel brought forth sweet fruit? Are there any teachers but the lash of experience and the red scorpion of time?

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The Union That Owns Newfoundland

By J. R. SMALLWOOD

ON the spray-drenched, rock-ribbed island of Newfoundland a unique social organization has recently been built up among the fishers who ride the sea in their fleet of tiny boats and schooners. In the last fourteen years the biggest and most powerful fishermen's union in the world has developed there, led by one of the most unusual men in North America. Twenty-five thousand strong, with three hundred councils in as many ports, this organization has not only built up the biggest individual commercial concern in Newfoundland—a concern which does business to the amount of four million dollars a year—it not only builds vessels in its own shipyards, generates electricity in its own plant, imports its own supplies of goods and exports its own fish, publishes its newspapers in its own town, Port Union—but has entered the national legislature of Newfoundland with twelve seats out of the thirty-six and, in combination with the Liberals, now controls the government of the country. The Fishermen's Protective Union, with the Fishermen's Union Trading Company and other subsidiary companies, today dominates the political and commercial affairs of Newfoundland, and the annual convention of the union at Port Union, attended by delegates from the three hundred outports where councils exist, is known all over the Dominion as "the Fishermen's Parliament" and attracts more attention than do the sessions of the legislature. William Ford Coaker, president of the Fishermen's Protective Union, which he founded and organized, organizer and general manager of the various union commercial enterprises, organizer and leader of the Fishermen's Parliamentary Party, and Minister of Marine and Fisheries, which department he reorganized as soon as he entered it—Coaker is the genius of the fishermen's movement.

Sentinel of the New World, Newfoundland lies almost immediately in the path of the great transatlantic traffic, yet has remained an Old World country, a fishing community, wearing the same essential features she wore when the Indians danced their war dances on the site of what is now New York. For Newfoundland is the longest-inhabited portion of the Western Hemisphere. Hauling the gleaming cod from the sea that surrounds her coasts was the motive that brought hardy fishermen from the west coast of England nearly four hundred years ago, when John Cabot reported the presence of great swarms of fish in those waters and the great Bacon later declared the fisheries of Newfoundland to be "worth all the wealth of the Indies" and interested himself in a plan to settle the country. Fishing for cod continued to be the vocation of the fishermen who began to settle around the shores of the island, in defiance of the harsh British law that forbade such settlement because the west-coast merchants of England wanted to keep the fishermen under their control. Fishing for cod is still the vocation of 90 per cent of the population which has grown up in spite of that early restriction—a population of less than three hundred thousand, scattered and settled in a thousand or more fishing harbors along the 6,000-mile coastline of the island.

Newfoundland catches annually more codfish than Norway and Iceland combined. One million and a half quintals of salt dried cod go each year to the markets in Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, and Brazil. That is roughly 170,000,000 pounds, or about 50,000,000 individual codfish. If you saw five thousand quintals of codfish spread to dry you would never believe that so many fish could be taken out of the ocean in one year. From time immemorial the codfishery has been carried on under a credit system disastrous to the fishermen. At the beginning of the spring season the merchants outfitted the fishermen with supplies, the fishermen went off and fished all summer and returned in the fall to make a reckoning with their suppliers. The fisherman turned over his fish to the merchant who had supplied him and was credited with the total sum to be checked off against the cost of the supplies. Traditionally the merchant overcharged for the supplies, and invariably the price per quintal paid for fish was agreed upon by the merchants in collusion with one another. The result was a class of toiling fishermen eternally in a condition of need or near need. They were helpless and hopeless and the merchants had everything their own way. It had been like this for generations.

The price of fish was unprecedentedly low in 1908 and starvation faced many a fisherman who had toiled on the ocean all summer. Those who had savings used them up. A wretched winter was at hand. It was at this moment that W. F. Coaker suddenly emerged from obscurity and struck his blow at the system under which the entire country was groaning. Appearing one night at a little fishing harbor named Herringneck he called the fishermen together and in a two-hour speech—his first one up to that time—he lashed the evils prevailing on every hand. For the first time in the history of the country was voiced the dissatisfaction and discontent which animated every man, and the fishermen were electrified. By its very audacity and boldness his plan to organize a country-wide union of fishermen caught their imagination, and at the end of the meeting a small band of fishermen pressed forward and enrolled. Encouraged by this response Coaker moved on to the next harbor and enlarged on his plan. It was not only to organize a union of fishermen, but to launch a fishermen's commercial enterprise, to start a fishermen's party, and generally to have the fishermen by consolidation force themselves into the front rank of all affairs in the country. Into harbor after harbor, all that fall and winter, Coaker carried his crusade and the fishermen flocked first to hear him and then to join. That summer he went back to his farm and the fishermen to their boats. Next winter the crusade was carried further and thousands of fishermen came into the union. By that time the merchants of St. John's, capital city of the island, were taking fright and the St. John's papers were filled with inflammatory attacks upon Coaker and the union. In the beginning they had contented themselves with sneers and ridicule; they had not expected the union to grow. Following the third winter's work, in view of the success of his movement, Coaker resolved to throw over everything else and devote his life to the permanent upbuilding of the Fishermen's Protective Union. He sold his little farm and on a salary of $50 a month worked for several years. His salary was later increased to $100 a month, where it still stands. The Fishermen's Union Trading Company was started, six thousand fishermen scraping up $250,000 as capital. Cash

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stores dealing in goods of all kinds were set up one after another in the fishing harbors. They sold all articles at prices greatly below those charged in other cash stores and were consequently a success, so that they have increased until today there are forty-six of them in as many harbors. The Trading Company has also built a half-million-dollar plant at Port Union, where supplies for all the stores are handled. A 10 per cent dividend has been paid on stock each year, and a reserve fund has been set aside. The company is today doing an annual business of $4,000,000.

One company after another has been launched—the Union Export Company, which exports and markets nearly a hundred thousand quintals of fish a year (not a great percentage of the total but enough to be a deciding factor in the annual price in the local market); the Union Shipbuilding Company, which constructs five to ten vessels a year at Port Union; the Union Electric Company, which generates a big supply of light, power, and heat at Port Union, and lights nearly all Bonavista Bay; and the Union Publishing Company. W. F. Coaker is general manager of them all, receiving one salary, for all combined, of $100 a month.

A couple of years after the founding of the union Coaker laid his plans to form a political party which should represent the fishermen in the legislature. In the first general election which he contested, several candidates—all those placed in the field—were elected, with Coaker as leader. In the Assembly the fun started, and the Government under the premiership of Sir Edward Morris, since appointed to the British House of Lords, was given a hot and uncomfortable time of it. With a fearlessness never before known in Newfoundland the fishermen's leader exposed graft and corruption; and the country was astounded. Up to that time the legislature had consisted for the most part of St. John's lawyers, and it must be admitted that they had not gone out of their way to clean house. Coaker introduced the loggers' bill, which provided for improved conditions in the lumberwoods; the sealers' bill, which revolutionized conditions on the dozen or more steamers of the sealing fleet which sailed every March to the ice-fields and hunted the hundreds of thousands of seals which come down from the Arctic each spring. He sponsored many other bills of a similar nature. It was by means of deliberate obstruction and long talking that these bills were put through. Coaker would talk by the hour and the day, and his members would follow with reinforcements. The country was in an uproar in those days; the fishermen around the coasts were kept fully informed of happenings in the capital by the union newspaper, which Coaker himself then edited, writing whole issues of it with his own hand on many occasions.

During the war Sir Edward Morris invited Coaker to form a coalition, and this was done. When Morris went to the House of Lords Coaker's nominee, Sir William Lloyd, then Dr. Lloyd, the union's counsel, was appointed Prime Minister. The Tories within the Government—Morris's old followers—were not long in ousting the Union Party, however, and once again Coaker was in opposition. A general election was approaching and Sir R. A. Squires, leader of the newly reorganized Liberal Party, invited Coaker to form a coalition and go to the country with him. The dual party, Liberal-Union, was swept back into power, with more Union candidates than Liberals elected. Squires was appointed Prime Minister, however, and Coaker consented to take the Ministry of Marine and Fisheries for a year and reorganize it. The next general election is this year, and it is not possible yet to say whether the Union Party will go to the country again with Squires or whether it will seek to elect enough candidates to have a straight Union government.

In fourteen years conditions in Newfoundland have been amazingly improved. The fishermen are independent now, commercially, politically, and socially. In that space of time they have been transformed from the status of helpless and hopeless men, economically and politically impotent, to the dominant factor in the country. Nor have they selfishly sought to benefit themselves only; their platform is the most liberal so far advanced in the country. And the Fishermen's Protective Union, the subsidiary companies, the Union Party, and the whole resulting transformation are practically the work of one man. The vision of Coaker was all the more remarkable for its utter absence of precedent. Such a thing as a union of fishermen had never been dreamed of in Newfoundland before. Nor did Coaker get his idea from outside sources; until some years after the formation of the union he had never been outside of Newfoundland, and had never read any labor or other papers published outside. He got his idea and his vision simply from observation of the need for them. For eighteen years he had farmed on a beautiful little island in Notre Dame Bay. Prior to that he was a telegrapher. Before that he was the outport representative of a St. John's fish merchant. Before that he was spreading fish to dry on a wharf in St. John's, and before that again he was a newsboy for one of the very papers which now attacks him bitterly. On his island farm Coaker dreamed over his plan until it took definite form; he thought out every detail, even to the constitution. When the best moment presented itself he struck.

William Ford Coaker is not a Socialist—indeed he would hardly know what one was. He has no historical perspective, nor any sense of an international labor movement. He is solely a product of Newfoundland and Newfoundland conditions, and his interest is entirely in Newfoundland. But he advocates the nationalization or government control of the export and marketing of all fish shipments to prevent the inordinate competition between exporters that now obtains, and he has urged the establishment of a state bank as well as other progressive measures. With all his responsibilities and in spite of his practical nature Coaker is a sincere idealist.

Contributors to This Issue

CLEMENT WOOD was born and reared in Alabama. Descended on both sides from pioneer settlers in the State, he graduated from the State University before studying law at Yale. He practiced law for three years in Alabama and served as assistant city attorney and judge of the Central Recorder's Court of Birmingham. At present he is living in New York, where he has written several novels and books of verse and contributed to the magazines.

J. R. SMALLWOOD is a member of the Newfoundland Fishermen's Protective Union and was for some time editor of the union daily newspaper at Port Union.

J. C. DASCHBACH has been on the staff of the New York *World* and of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* where he handled the subject of coal.

JEAN LONGUET, a leader of the French Socialist Party and grandson of Karl Marx, has been lecturing in the United States.

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The Turn of the Tide in France

By JEAN LONGUET

EVEN progressive public opinion in the United States seems strongly convinced that at the present time the overwhelming majority of the French nation agrees with the most wicked and destructive foreign policy of M. Poincaré and the so-called National Bloc. Only a few days ago a distinguished American writer, in a letter to a New York journalist, while speaking with sympathy of my recent lecture tour, said that I represented "as well as anyone what *little* opposition there was in France." Of course for this trend of American opinion the big daily press is largely responsible. Generally its representatives in Paris are well meaning, but they know only what is told them by officials and what they read in the great corrupt, sensational press of the type of the *Matin*, the *Journal*, the *Petit Parisien* (the last is only a little better—a very little indeed). When M. Lauzanne pretends that M. Poincaré is supported in his infamous plans for invading the Ruhr district by the whole of the forty million French people, our Paris American believes it. When, meanwhile, in the French Chamber, not only the deplorable National Bloc crowd, but also supposed progressives of the French "Radical Party," join out of supposed patriotism in a vote of confidence to M. Poincaré and when only 67 Socialists and Communists vote against the Government, then, of course, the American journalist wires to New York or Chicago that everybody agrees with M. Poincaré, except a few impossible people.

Now this is not true, and a better proof could not be given than a most remarkable by-election for the French Senate, which occurred only two weeks ago but which I did not see mentioned in any of the great New York papers, which always give great consideration to every utterance of Messrs. Poincaré, Tardieu, Clemenceau, and their crowd. Everyone should know that the whole socialist and labor movement, including the often impossible Communist section, is unanimously opposed to the plans of M. Poincaré and of his clique. But at the present time the opposition to the National Bloc policy toward Germany is much larger and includes other and more moderate elements. The election in southern Burgundy, the Department of the Yonne, is proof of this great and growing current. The Yonne was in former days a typical, progressive French peasant district. A wine-grower is generally, both in Burgundy and in the south of France, a progressive democrat. He likes to call himself a "Red Republican," and while not knowing much about the economics of socialism, is frequently prepared to vote for the more advanced political party. In the Yonne his advanced tendencies showed themselves twenty years ago in anti-militarism. Gustave Hervé, who became such an extreme jingo during the war, but who was a prophet of "anti-patriotism" and of violent revolutionary doctrine some fifteen years ago, began his propaganda in the Yonne, where he was a high-school teacher. But that was in the old days, and the French liberal peasant of the Yonne had been, during the war, influenced by the current of jingoism and, later, impressed by the bolshevik scare. When the general election of November, 1919, came, the National Bloc ticket, made up of a combination of pure reactionaries and renegade liberals, had in the Yonne an overwhelming majority, winning all the seats in the Chamber of Deputies. In a later election for the Senate, only a year ago, the situation was even worse. For the advanced parties the senatorial elections are harder fighting ground than those for the Chamber. The French Senate is elected not by universal suffrage, but by a body of 1,500 or 2,000 electors, themselves elected by the municipal councils in each city or town or village. And there is no balance between the representation of big cities and towns and the representation of the small villages, which have a disproportionate strength. This is why the French Socialist Party, which conquered 100 seats in the French Chamber in 1914 and retained (in spite of a most infamous electoral law) 68 seats in the elections of 1919, was unable, until 1919, to elect a single member to the Senate. It now has two members, returned from wine-growing districts in the center and south of France, with the aid of non-socialist progressive electors. In the Yonne only a year ago the three senators elected belonged to that deplorable section of the French "Radical Party" which, under the leadership of M. Clemenceau, went over to reaction and nationalism during and after the war.

At the election on December 10 they presented a candidate who was already a member of the Chamber of Deputies, M. Milliaux, who made a conscientious effort to appear more progressive than his record showed him to be. M. Hamelin was the candidate of the Ligue de la République, a new and active progressive organization recently created in Paris, under the presidency of M. Painlevé, which is frequently more daring than its president. M. Hamelin's program was strongly worded; he denounced the "infamous policy of reaction" of the National Bloc and called it a "coalition of selfish interests." He went much further than the ordinary non-Socialist progressive usually goes in France. He said that we should ask from Germany "only what she can give—reparation in materials and labor." He declared himself strongly in favor of disarmament and wrote that "maintaining a tremendous army of 800,000 men was creating in the eyes of the foreigner a justification of the reproaches of imperialism and warlike spirit which were heaped on France." For such daring language our great conservative evening paper, the *Temps*, quietly wrote that "German propaganda was finding a shelter . . ." among those poor moderate Yonne liberals!

But such reproaches did not frighten the good wine-growers, farmers, and petty bourgeois of the Yonne. On the first ballot M. Milliaux was at the top of the poll, a trifle ahead of M. Hamelin, a third "independent Socialist" candidate getting about 100 votes. This third candidate retired, asking his partisans to "vote against the National Bloc" and at the last ballot M. Hamelin was elected by 420 votes against 399 to M. Milliaux. Our reactionaries, who are not in the least fooled by their own boasts in Parliament or in the papers, felt the blow. The *Temps*, expressing alarm about "the underground, energetic, and at the present time most successful work which is going on in the country," was especially frightened by M. Hamelin's victory because while declaring that he was "against socialism and communism *immediately*," he did not seem to be against them in some near future. The *Temps* pretended to find an explanation for its severe defeat in the activity of wicked government employees, especially of schoolmasters, who waged a strenuous battle against the National Bloc in the Yonne. However, the repressive measures suggested by the *Temps* will not save the National Bloc. It will be overthrown by the growing tide of French public opinion.

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Who Made the Coal Famine?

By J. C. DASCHBACH

E. E. LOOMIS, president of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, pounded on the plate-glass top of his mahogany desk. "Why?" he repeated. "Why, because they defied a government tribunal. They refused to recognize the authority of a body set up by Congress. They refused to obey the law." The railroad shopmen's strike was threatening destruction to the plate-glass desk top, for Mr. Loomis was explaining why the four "wilful belligerents" among the railroad presidents, upon whose roads one-fourth of the people of the United States depend for their fuel supply, would not make peace with their men and end the strike.

"Are you speaking of the Railroad Labor Board?" I asked.

"Exactly!" came the prompt response. "There was a body set up by Congress to which they were amenable, but when the decision went against them they defied it. They practically defied the Government."

"Don't you think," I asked, "that the railroad executives set the workers a bad example in this regard?"

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Loomis.

"Well, for instance," I said, "take the 'go-to-hell' attitude which W. W. Atterbury, vice-president of the Pennsylvania, adopted toward the Railroad Labor Board not so many months ago when he did not like its decisions."

"Oh!" said the railroad president. "That was different. Mr. Atterbury simply questioned the authority of the Board. That will all have to be thrashed out in the courts. But these men openly defied that government tribunal."

This conversation took place in Mr. Loomis's office at 143 Liberty Street, New York City, on October 10, 1922.

Two days before, through the writer, the Rev. J. J. Curran, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic Church, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, had given an interview to the New York *World*, charging that four railroad presidents would be responsible for any suffering that might come to the country through a shortage of anthracite this winter. The men he named were Mr. Loomis, William H. Truesdale, president of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad; W. G. Besler, president of the Central Railroad of New Jersey; and L. F. Loree, president of the Delaware and Hudson.

Father Curran is a power in the anthracite region. In 1902 his influence among the miners made it possible for Theodore Roosevelt and John Mitchell to bring about peace with the anthracite operators. And his voice was heard with effect in the parleys that ended the strike on September 2, 1922. In his recent interview Father Curran said: "The longer they [the four railroad presidents] refuse to meet their men, the greater will be their responsibility because of the resulting suffering." At that time the priest took me to a Lehigh Valley yard on the outskirts of Wilkes-Barre and pointed to between 200 and 300 cars loaded with anthracite—mostly domestic sizes. "I first noticed those cars two weeks ago," he said. "And there can be only two reasons why they are there today: Either the railroads have not enough locomotives to move them or their executives have conspired with the anthracite operators to create a false shortage so that they can demand higher prices." Father Curran then told me that thousands of men were out of work in the collieries because they could not get enough empty cars into which to load the coal.

Mr. Loomis took exception to the interview. He was greatly irritated because there had been even an intimation that his actions in refusing to meet his men to settle the strike had caused miners to lose time. He called in other officials. They brought with them massive reports. They read from the reports. They said that the reports said that the Lehigh Valley Railroad was "moving" more coal than ever before in its history. They were hazy, however, as to its destination, although they denied that it was bound for yards similar to those in Wilkes-Barre.

Two weeks after my talk with Mr. Loomis I returned to his yard at Wilkes-Barre. The same loads of coal stood on the tracks. A crossing watchman, 100 yards from the coal, told me that there had not been a train moved out of the yard for three days and then only a few cars had gone. And it was interesting to note that these cars had accumulated an ample scale of rust on the surfaces of the wheel flanges, and the rails under the cars were rusted.

There is another even more prominent figure in the shopmen's strike than President Loomis of the Lehigh Valley: L. F. Loree, president of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad. In fact, Mr. Loree has been more or less of a spokesman for the anthracite roads through all the trouble. In lengthy statements he has told the public how easily the roads were handling the situation. Mr. Loree's statements of early October even indicated a surfeit of empty cars.

Because of that I turned special attention upon his road. Four Delaware and Hudson yards within a radius of twenty miles of Scranton were visited. In those yards were upwards of 1,000 cars loaded with anthracite of all sizes—but mostly domestic. They were choked beyond capacity, the main rail lines being utilized in some instances. In only one yard did I find an engine. And there was also a train crew sweating at the task of getting out a train. The crew had arrived there about 11 a.m. At 4 p.m., when I left, they were still at the task, and their oaths indicated their tempers. Railroad employees told me that that train was the first one to be taken out in four days. Coal was not the only thing choked into that yard. In all there were about 600 cars, 300 of which were loaded with coal, 80 per cent of which was anthracite.

But a person cannot travel through the railroad yards of the anthracite region and meet railroad men alone. During these inspection trips I was constantly meeting miners on their way home from work, streaming from the mines at 11 o'clock in the morning, their dinner pails on their arms. At first I thought they were merely coming up for lunch. But their story was different: they had gone to work in the morning expecting to work a full day, but by 10 o'clock the supply of empty cars had been exhausted. And there were mornings when they arrived at work only to be told that the colliery would not open because there were no cars. Production has been cut 50 per cent by the car shortage.

And all the while the country is in desperate need of anthracite and fuel administrations are setting aside antismoke ordinances and are urging "substitutes." The coming of the cold weather has added to the suffering. In New York City alone hundreds of households are without any coal. Nor does frigid weather aid in railroading. Even Mr. Loomis and Mr. Loree will admit that their troubles multiply at least a hundred fold with the coming of the first frost and increase steadily as blizzard and freeze follow one another during the winter months. Fuel administrators report a shortage of coal. But the cars stand loaded in the yards and the shopmen's strike is still on.

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Up in Curzon's Room

By LUDWELL DENNY

Lausanne, December 7, 1922

TWO things are evident to begin with: the Conference is dominated by Great Britain, and there is an absolute control of news sources; what gets into the press is always selected, sometimes doped.

Lausanne's secret diplomacy machinery works silently and effectively. All journalists are excluded from the Conference sessions, even from the building, the Hôtel du Château at Ouchy. After each meeting they receive an official communique from the secretary of the British delegation, with embellishments by that dignitary on the wickedness of the Bolshevists. Disconsolately the hundred and more correspondents wait around the hotel lobby for this single event of the day, spinning yarns of the "beats" of yesteryear instead of interviewing the lesser delegates, who are as ignorant as they of what goes on up in Curzon's room. The correspondents are able and, in conversation at least, unprejudiced. I listened to them the other evening pitting their minds against Chicherin's—he being the only delegate who dares face such a free-for-all; they came off very well.

The delegates are less interesting. Excepting Curzon and Chicherin, they are second-rate men. Perhaps not the enigmatic Japs, who may be all-wise or all-ignorant—an Occidental never knows which. The Italian and French delegates are secretaries, who report and receive instructions from Rome and Paris several times a day. M. Ninchich, who follows Pashich in Belgrade, could not be expected to lead here; incidentally, by what right the Serbs sit at the Conference is not clear. The clever Venizelos is handicapped by the Athens barbarities. The Bulgarian Premier can speak no language which the Conference can understand. M. Duca of Rumania is the young hero of the proceedings, introducing their proposals for the British and arguing them with admirable lucidity and fervor. He has those ballroom graces so important at an international conference, graces to which even the Russians aspire. The United States is fortunate in her observers. Mr. Child is competent in matters diplomatic and social, Admiral Bristol knows the Turkish situation at first hand, while the American economic experts from Angora and Constantinople are perhaps the ablest at Lausanne. These Americans are not anti-Turk.

Of the three chief delegates, Ismet Pasha, Lord Curzon, and Chicherin, only the latter two have power to act. Ismet must refer even details to Angora. A professional soldier, he lacks the charm one is accustomed to find in the educated Turk. He is silent and rather stubborn, without ideas or wit. But Ismet was chosen because he is one of the few men trusted by Mustapha Kemal. Unmoved by opponents or suddenly relenting, according to Kemal's instructions, he kept Turkey from being shorn at Mudania, and may have a similar negative success at Lausanne. Chicherin is a quiet, middle-aged individual, who shows his aristocratic heritage. Few dislike him. Though a cold thinker, an early mysticism still flavors his personality. He is a power because he is not doctrinaire. But he is not a man of Lenin's caliber; indeed he impresses me as inferior to his Moscow associate, Karakhan. His manner is blinking and dazed. In addressing a group his voice, ordinarily low and not unpleasing, becomes shrill, almost threatening. This, more than what he says, accounts for the fact that he always irritates the other delegates. He is transparently honest. But he is hardly the equal of Lord Curzon, whose cool command of the situation is complete. Curzon is the embodiment of the old diplomacy at its best. He has so much assurance that he makes you forget, perhaps forgets himself, his share in Lloyd George's Near East complicity. Without stooping to strong-arm methods, he always seems to have a significant corner of the Union Jack sticking out of his sleeve. Though his customary role is that of impartial and kindly adviser, he is best as the indignant Christian judge, the defender of civilization, and that sort of thing. He is capable of directness. When Chicherin, in the opening debate on the Straits, mildly suggested that the presence of the British navy between the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus is a prejudicial factor at Lausanne, Curzon calmly replied: "Those ships are a factor in the settlement, and shall remain so."

This frank superiority and confidence characterizes the British attitude. Why they have taken such precautionary measures of secrecy and news control is a mystery; no doubt from habit at other conferences where the goose hasn't hung so high. In general the atmosphere here is rather heavy—but the British delegates are always smiling. Nor is their confidence bluff. This Conference may end by ratifying the British program, though a partial compromise, perhaps a provisional agreement postponing the knottier issues for another conference, seems more probable. It may, however, end in disagreement. But British supremacy—financial and economic, not only naval—is overpowering; the Turks can hardly escape it. Apparently they are not trying to do so. That the Nationalist Government will come to terms with Great Britain, if not today then tomorrow, is the confidential opinion of every delegate with whom I have talked, including Americans and Russians. Bourgeois Nationalist Turkey needs a military and financial understanding with the British Empire, and the latter is not safe so long as the chief Moslem state is hostile.

The factors which made a Turco-British agreement impossible a year ago are rapidly being eliminated. Greece is impotent. Disraeli's party has returned to power in London. Popular sentiment in England and Anatolia demands peace, by compromise if necessary. The Moscow-Angora alliance is vanishing at Lausanne. The French, who were encouraging Ismet to attack the British in Constantinople two months ago, have gone over to Britain. Until a month ago France challenged British hegemony in the Near East, and spent good money and munitions on her Turkish alliance. One can think of no advantage greater than her hold in Turkey for which she would renounce it—except freedom of action against Germany. That such a bargain exists is generally believed by persons here who should know. If Britain will not or cannot aid in wringing from Germany enough to satisfy Poincaré, one wonders whether the latter will continue to support a Curzon settlement in the Near East. But evidently the French bondholders,

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carrying 75 per cent of the Ottoman debt (the British only 3 per cent), feel the need of Allied unity at Lausanne almost as much as the British.

The Turkish delegation has refused to associate itself with the Russian, even for bargaining purposes, on Chicherin's contention that the Straits are Turkish territory and therefore may be fortified by the Nationalists. If Russia cannot induce Turkey to stand with her on one of Angora's own planks, it is improbable that they will ever act together—unless Turkey can find no stronger and richer ally. The Russians are a lonely group in Lausanne. Curzon has maneuvered Chicherin into the indefensible position of being more Turk than the Turks.

So wherever one turns, the British are masters of the situation. Not primarily because they are pulling strings; but because they are the established Power in the Near East, and because the new Turkey (what with French poverty and American policy) is dependent upon British capital. Whether British domination is a lesser evil than an unfettered Turkey and a healthy Russia is a matter of opinion. At any rate, France's conversion—for what price remains to be seen—is hastening such a settlement. Only the Soviet Government stands in the way.

I come from a talk with Chicherin. He did not divulge any secrets, though he spoke with his usual frankness. But one thing he said impressed me as typifying the strength and weakness of the Russians at Lausanne—their reliance on popular intelligence. Having inquired about Ismet's refusal to accept his proposal—to which Chicherin's only response was a shrug of the shoulders—I asked: "Does it mean that the Turks will accept British control of the Straits and of their national existence?" "The Kemalist Government may agree," he replied slowly, with prophetic assurance, "but the Turkish people will overthrow such a settlement." Maybe.

In the Driftway

IT is always advisable, when playing a game, to learn the rules. Your opponent may be expert and you, of course, will not want to lose. The Drifter, therefore, offers the following rules in a game that only a little while ago was extremely popular and that shows signs, now and again, of being revived:

CHIEF POINTS OF ATTACK

1. Eyes: Never miss an opportunity to destroy the eyes of the enemy. In all head holds use the fingers on the eyes. They are the most delicate points in the body and easy to reach. The eye can easily be removed with the finger.

2. Groin: The enemy can easily be disabled by a well-directed kick in the groin. Never miss an opportunity to use the knee or the foot. . . .

3. Neck: It is easy to strangle a man with any of the neck holds, but the chief weapon of attack for the neck is the foot. . . . Don't kick, but jump on it with the full weight of the body.

4. Ninth Rib: The ninth rib as a point of attack is easy to reach when the enemy is thrown upon his back. Stamp upon the ribs . . . [they] will crumple under the weight. *Note.* The natural tendency is to kick the fallen enemy. This is not quite as effective as the stamp using the body weight.

* * * * *

NO, esteemed and gentle reader, this is not an account of the methods of the Turks against the Armenians. The Drifter has taken these rules from a little book entitled "Hand-to-Hand Fighting" by A. E. Marriott, Camp Physical Director, Army Y. M. C. A., Camp Sevier. Neither has any Society for the Prevention of Unrestrained Cruelty Calculated to Drive the Youth of America to Communism taken steps to have the book suppressed. It can be bought, for example, in certain well-known chain drug-stores in New York City. The preface to the book explains that skill in hand-to-hand fighting has become a necessary part of the equipment of the modern soldier, and goes on to say that "As he has seldom been a patron of the manly (*sic*) sports, the average German in a combat is clumsy in the use of his hands." In applying these rules, declares the preface, "one must not confuse them with like holds in wrestling. . . . It should be further emphasized that many of the acts barred in clean wrestling are essential parts of the system and indeed are the most effective means of doing away with an opponent."

* * * * *

WELL, these are the rules. This system has, says the preface, "developed latent possibilities in the soldiers, and has won the praise of all the officers who have had occasion to observe its effects on the men and to test its efficiency on the drill ground." This, moreover, is the twentieth century and not the twelfth. And the game of war is being played in certain parts of the world at this moment. If this is not the most curious quirk in the structure of civilization, the Drifter does not know a quirk when he sees one.

* * * * *

SOME of the horrors of war, however, are worse than others. From a friend in Russia the Drifter has received a letter complaining of the picture post cards inclosed in certain Red Cross Comfort kits, made by American women and left over at the close of the war, which are now being used in the Friends' relief work. Not being able to comprehend either the vulgarity of the cards or their import, the Russians cherish the beautiful pictures. "Yesterday," says the Drifter's correspondent, "I asked Polya, our cook, if she knew what they meant. 'Surely, that is the brave Communist fighting back the bourgeoisie.' (The card showed one of our heroes thrusting back the Kaiser with his bayonet.) 'And what is this?' showing a cartoon with a supposed atrocity depicted. 'That is the bourgeoisie killing the communist women.'" Which shows for the millionth or so time that it all depends on your point of view.

THE DRIFTER

Assault

By LEONORA SPEYER

Spears in the rain and swords in the wind,
Sudden surrounding of stealthy green,
Bud in ambush before, behind,
Crying: *"Surrender, you, O you!"*

March unhurried of foe serene,
Battering-ram of white and blue,
Petaled trumpets that flash and call,
Conquering lilac on my wall . . .

Robin in arms, and apple-bough
Bannered with blossoms, take me now!
Bind me with breezes and bid me yield,
Prison me deep in a drowsy field!

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A Panoramic View of These United States

Youth *Versus* Truth

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am reading These United States with exceptional interest and attention. I know most of these States, their special problems and slants and colors. I have read each succeeding article to see how near the author got to the heart of things. A few of the chapters have been written by authors who had had experience in politics, business, or social work. Murray King, Anne Martin, and Arthur Warner really know their States and gave us pictures that have the substance of life in them.

A larger number of your contributors are literary men and women who have lived deeply enough and loved their environment wisely enough so that they respect the great masses of people who are working out their fates in these States. They, too, have written with sense and proportion. I am thinking, for example, of William Allen White, Robert Herrick, Dorothy Canfield, and Zona Gale.

Now I come to the third group. Edmund Wilson, Sherwood Anderson, and Leonard Lanson Cline used great States and your splendid scheme as an opportunity to show how smart they can be. They are smart. In the smoking compartment of a Pullman they would, no doubt, be charming companions. But what they have to say about New Jersey, Ohio, and Michigan can be of no importance to anyone but themselves. Mr. Cline, for example, writes of Michigan without giving the Upper Peninsula more than bare mention, says nothing of the tremendous influence of the University of Michigan on the formation of the West, and thinks that Ford and the new Detroit mean nothing but "glooms and glares" and smut on one's collar. If his case were an isolated one it would not be worth writing about. But we have a whole tribe of young writing men who know no history but what they learned cutting courses at college, no economics but what is born of a deep antipathy to work, and nothing of industry but what lights on their collars when they carry their sensitive organisms past a factory chimney. I have no antipathy to these youths. I would not have them electrocuted. But why you should ask them to contribute to a series of articles that intelligent people may want to read—that surely requires an explanation.

Swarthmore, Pa., December 1 William E. Bohn

From Michigan's New Senator

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is about time to discontinue reading *The Nation* if all of the articles contained therein are so misrepresentative of the facts as is The Fordizing of a Pleasant Peninsula in your issue of November 1. When people know the real truth they are able to discover these misrepresentations, but in the case of many other States that you have been writing about, some of us in Michigan may not know the accuracy of the statements.

It seems beyond contradiction that the statement is untrue that Michigan stood for nothing before the latter part of the last century. While we appreciate the value of the Ford Motor Company's organization and prominence in the State, the State is not the Ford Motor Company, and out of nearly four millions of people there are a great many who have no connection with the Ford Motor Company.

On page 462 is the false statement that, in spite of the convictions received in our new Recorder's Court and the efficiency of the Police Department, banditry slugs its dozen a day, at noon or at midnight, and that banditry is particularly bold in Detroit—all of which is untrue.

Mayor's Office, Detroit, November 10 James Couzens

Catchpenny Michigan

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I cannot resist the temptation to tell you how much I enjoyed the article on Michigan—The Fordizing of a Pleasant Peninsula, in *The Nation* of November 1. I can say Amen most fervently to all it contains.

It describes the sordidness, the drabness, the eternal catchpenny outlook of the city and its people better than I ever could, though I have tried to, Lord knows! But I am glad the author liked Ann Arbor. I expected a reference to that ancient kick-off press which daily turns out the *Michigan Daily*, doughty rival of the *Times-News* downtown. Most of my spare hours in Michigan were spent in and about the campus, with occasional strolls along the Huron River.

What an epic of salesmanship rampant awaits the proper poet of Detroit, with its glaring sign FREE on the art museum, Brother Bill Stidger's sermons and innovations, Councilman Jim Vernor's ginger-ale stand on Woodward Avenue, and those funny little cars that run to Pontiac. Alas! Alas!

Boston, November 12 Alger S. Beane

A Promising Ward

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In many ways I agreed with Arthur Warner's estimate of Delaware but, from a deep desire for truth, I feel moved to divulge some facts about our little State that he apparently did not note in his progress up Market Street to the du Pont Hotel.

I wish he had given the readers of *The Nation* some idea of what even to a stranger to Wilmington must be the beauty and grandeur of the location of the du Pont Hotel. Standing as it does at the top of a hill leading up from the Brandywine River, and towering above its newer and likewise tall neighbors, it looks over Rodney Square, over the roof of the new and imposing Court House, and the walls of what is going to be a beautiful and likewise imposing Public Library, on over the steeple of the Old Swedes Church, known to every student of United States history and carefully preserved by interested Wilmington people, to the wide sweep and curve of the Delaware River. Many dreams of the most wonderful wharf of any Eastern waterway have been dreamed for the city of Wilmington; dreams that it is not unlikely will be realized within another fifty or hundred years.

Then again I am sorry Arthur Warner did not visit that other bookshop he saw listed in the Directory. If he had gone in there unannounced and browsed about among the shelves as its pleasant and obliging proprietor would desire him to do, he might have been astonished. He would have heard demands for books that only intellectuals would make, and some very bookish conversations between the proprietor of the shop and many of those dropping in. And perhaps in that shop he would have heard of the late Howard Pyle, the artist and author of whom Wilmington and the State of Delaware are so justly proud, and the group of illustrators and artists who have found a home and pleasurable surroundings in or near the city of Wilmington. And perhaps he would have heard mention of the names of two suffrage workers of national as well as local fame: Mrs. Florence Hilles of Newcastle and Miss Mabel Vernon of Wilmington.

If he had left Market Street and the du Pont Hotel for a stroll, he might have happened on West Street and seen the quaint Friends Meeting House and the Friends School opposite, where only this past spring a teacher gave her second year High School English class a course in the most modern of the modern American and English verse which so aroused one little community's interest that I am sure many of its members could have discussed the newer poetry even with "a young woman in Wilmington (a carpet-bagger from New England)."

We deplore with Arthur Warner many things he has set

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forth; we hope for his interpretation of the final outcome for the "ward of a feudal family"; but in spite of our hopes and fears Delaware is a charming spot on our map of States. She is more and more interested from year to year in doing away with her ancient and cumbersome laws and customs; and whether we drive along the broad, blue Delaware, or the quiet, secluded Brandywine, or go down State to Dover Green and on to the wonderful du Pont Boulevard, we are thankful that Delaware is still the State of Delaware and not a part of any of her neighbors.

Louisville, October 18 MARGARET SPICER

Perspicacious Innocence

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot tell from Mr. Macy's allusion in his article on Massachusetts to Lodge's introduction to the "Education of Henry Adams" as "a neat bit of writing, worthy of Adams himself," whether he had been tipped off that Adams did actually write it—which is the case—and was taking this means of saying so, or whether he was entirely innocent in the matter. But I understand that Mr. Adams brought that introduction in to Mr. Lodge and asked that the latter sign it and make it his own. On reading it Mr. Lodge was perfectly willing to say the things attributed to him and so signed it.

Boston, December 24 BOSTONIAN

Louisiana—The Homely Farmer

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It would be ungracious, I know, to criticize the very picturesque view of Louisiana that Mr. Basil Thompson has given us in *The Nation,* but in its prodigality of color he has fallen into the snare laid for writers whose view of the Pelican State is limited to French N'rlen and the Mardi Grah. There is another, and, I think, a truer Louisiana, colorless, perhaps, and quite devoid of romance (and of red light), but with a far deeper meaning to her people than the most colorful or cubist picture that could be painted.

This Louisiana is a land of field and forest and prairie, with a population of a million and three-quarters, mostly small farmers emerging from credit-slavery to independence. It presents a picture of the departing feudal system of cotton and of the absentee landlord system of rice, gradually giving way to a broader policy of education and industrial freedom, diversification and cooperative marketing. Cotton, instead of being the dominating crop is second in value to rice. Crop diversification is giving a visible promise of a better era, the various other crops now excelling both cotton and rice in value. Hay, sweet potatoes, cane syrup, cow-peas, peanuts, corn, truck, etc., are getting a place and the farmer sees actual money in his hand. Sugar, the rich man's crop, is coming back.

The Louisiana of the future will not be pictured by a pillared portico screened by moss-festooned live-oaks, its master a decayed gentleman of the old regime, lord of thousands of acres and hundreds of miserable tenants; nor yet by the "old French quarter," of superannuated restaurants and quite too modern gambling joints and painted tenderloin (the Louisiana lottery has been abolished, why not the levee?); but a rich country of prosperous farmers of twenty and thirty acres, farmers who are out of debt, who own farm animals and implements, who live in box-houses and send their children to school. Very dull and commonplace, I admit, but it shows handsomely in the bank balances.

One thing more. Louisiana is modern, not a survival of the dark ages. She is fortunate in having a Governor who insists that the law—be it Roman Law or English Common Law—shall rule in Louisiana and not the behest of an "invisible empire" of cowards and bullies.

Chicago, November 30 JOHN T. BRAMHALL

Faint Hopes for Iowa

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Smertenko article has struck fire. It has twice been editorially noticed in the Cedar Rapids *Republican* with some appreciation and more resentment.

I am a native Iowan, well acquainted with the State, and I must confess the truth of much of the article. I do challenge, however, the cultural denseness which he alleges in Iowa. Here in Iowa City we have an institution of learning which is more than an academy, and which we believe rather more of a Pierian spring than Grinnell, truly great as that college is.

The really deplorable feature of many Iowans as of others is their smugness. But when a man like Brookhart can be elected Senator, and a man like Short reelected mayor of Sioux City time and again, there is hope despite adverse signs. But don't be deceived with the idea that Iowa is liberal. Brookhart's election was no more ethical than the Bull Moose movement in 1912. Of course, the idealists were for him, but his success was due to the depression and a desire for change.

When Smertenko says that up to twenty years ago conditions in Iowa were easy he makes a native smile. We refer him to Garland's "Main Travelled Roads" as a picture of that period, all too true. It is better now, as every practical observer will admit. The figures may be depressing but the smiles on the faces of Iowa boys and girls as they drive the Fords over the roads are not. The State is in the making, and more literature like *The Nation* is needed to quicken the souls of Iowans.

Iowa City, December 13 G. A. KENDERDINE

The Final Insult

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Of all the aggrieved Iowans who complained because J. J. Smertenko expressed sympathy about their mortgages and other matters, the most aggrieved I have heard is B. L. Wick, whose letter to the editor of the Cedar Rapids *Gazette* occupies more than a column. Mr. Smertenko, it appears, has not half done justice to Iowa. Among other less interesting omissions "he does not tell about the alluvial soil of Iowa, and of its people who are on a par with the people of any other of the adjoining States at least. . . . The writer forgot to mention the institutions kept up by the State for the insane, the blind, the feeble-minded, the epileptic." Not only has he forgotten these people—he has insulted them by mentioning Iowa farmers in the same sentence with Russian farmers. "The audacity of a sane man to compare the people of Iowa to the serbs (*sic*) of the Volga! When a writer of intelligence is permitted to make use of such language . . . he should not be permitted to run loose."

New York, December 28 M. T.

Out-Nationing *The Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* is always interesting and thought-provoking, but the issue of November 29 is positively stimulating. You have out-nationed *The Nation.* The article on New York City by Ernest H. Gruening is simply brilliant, not to say thrilling. After reading Mr. Gruening's article with its historical background, I wish that all New Yorkers, both young and old, might read it so that they might grasp the spirit of New York.

Modern commercialism, the struggle for bread, money, power; the tremendous massing of iron, steel, stone, bricks, and mortar are only contributing causes that lead to the overpowering effect which Mr. Gruening has so ably portrayed. As he says, the predominating spirit of New York is its regimentation; the submergence of the individual, the supremacy of the crowd, and lastly, the subjection of the crowd by the results of modern invention and the material world.

Boston, November 29 GEORGE E. ROEWER, JR.

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Books

Huysmans for the Disenchanted

The Cathedral. By J.-K. Huysmans. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Against the Grain. By J.-K. Huysmans. Lieber and Lewis. $3.

IT is something of a happy circumstance that these two books by one of the greatest exponents of bitter-end disillusion have been issued in English dress at this moment. A younger generation is knocking at the gates, and the voice of the epigoni is raucous with the accent of frustration and futility. There is, however, a wide gulf betwixt Joris-Karl Huysmans, who produced his most significant work, "A Rebours" ("Against the Grain"), in 1882 and this post-war decade which has seen the publication of such a poem of fatalistic ennui as "The Waste Land" by T. S. Eliot. Huysmans waxed insolent in proportion to the growth of his sense of life's mockery, whereas the new throats of our time utter a mere monotonous despair, an icy unconcern that refuses to bridle even while chronicling the barrenness of a life that is busy digging its own grave.

Near the end of his life, seeking to justify his conversion to Catholicism, Huysmans wrote: "What remains incomprehensible is the initial horror imposed on each of us by living; that is a mystery which no amount of philosophy can enlighten—and when I think of this horror, of this disgust for life which year after year has mounted in me, I can understand why I have drifted into the only port where I could find shelter—the church."

Joris-Karl Huysmans was born in Paris in 1848. His family was of Flemish origin. He began his career as a writer by contributing to the famous soirées arranged by Zola at his home in Médan. His "Sac-au-dos," written under the Médan aegis, is a brief tale permeated with savage irony; it deals with the lingering malaise of a conscript whose harshest sufferings at the front are occasioned not by battle but by colic. The craftsmanship here displayed is Zolaesque; the naked details are dwelt upon with painful and often revolting exactness. Later he underwent a gradual change of heart toward the naturalistic method and yielded to new impulses in such books as "A Vau l'eau" and "Là-bas," the latter a novel concerned with the gorgeous ceremonialism of satanism. In "Là-bas" Huysmans succinctly defines diabolism as "the execration of impotence and the hatred of mediocrity."

Huysmans, decadent or not, was a dynamo of nervous energy hoarding up a fierce somber hatred; always at the core of his decadence stirs a brooding and fretful impatience with middle-class ideals which he had ample leisure to study in the course of his thirty-seven-year clerkship in the office of the Interior. He proved an excellent official, and, ironically enough, he was decorated late in life not for his distinction as a literary artist, but for painstaking attention to his duties as a clerk. His post did not trammel him; he read deeply and widely; he dabbled impersonally in black magic; and we are not surprised to find in "Là-bas" an eloquent description of the Black Mass with all its intricate and incrusted ritual.

Huysmans joined the responsiveness of the sentient organism to the logic of the pure intellect. In "L'Art moderne," a book devoted to his contemporaries, he betrays a fine understanding of the innovators of that day; of Degas, Gustav Moreau, Forain, Odilon Redon, Whistler, and Gauguin. From the materialistic temper of "The Vatard Sisters" and "Marthe," both influenced by Zola and Goncourt, he passed on to what he himself called "spiritual naturalism," signifying a fusion of spiritual aspiration with the patient attention to detail characteristic of the master, Zola. The trilogy dealing with Durtal's inevitable drift churchward, which is more than semi-autobiographic, includes "Là-bas," "En Route," and "La Cathédrale."

In the last Huysmans takes Durtal, who had crept on his belly through the dismal bogs sanctified by Apollyon, who had dallied with Lilith in pale forbidden gardens, to the provincial town of Chartres. The religious atmosphere of the place infects him like a slow fever; it creeps into his blood and floods his mind. Durtal is captivated by the phosphorescent glow of medievalism tinting the air about him. Like Henry Adams he is irresistibly moved to wrest the inner meaning from this church magnificent. Huysmans exhibits a staggering store of ecclesiastical erudition. His method is objective but there are overtones of spiritual nostalgia. The ant-like piling up of infinitesimal detail blinds and bewilders. The rhythm of the book is painfully slow, but each added bit of archaeology serves to synthesize a concrete mood, cloistral, organ-toned, wrapped in a faint crepuscular dimness, heavy with incense and the cold sweat of ancient stone. The vital secret locked in crypt, window, arch, music, and altar is simple enough. It is the spirit of belated penitence and inevitably it engulfs Durtal. The result of his sojourn at Chartres is that he decides to become a lay monk. The words with which he is sped on his war are illuminating. "Help him in his poverty, remembering that he can do nothing without thine aid, Holy Temptress of Men, Our Lady of the Pillar, Virgin of the Crypt." Huysmans was won over to the church not by the purity of religious emotion, but by the lift of its great art.

"Against the Grain" does not quite fit into Huysmans's theory of "spiritual naturalism." It is, rather, spun with spiderlike industry out of the naturalism of the nerves. The nerves of the hero, Des Esseintes, are worn and sick, and the human malady is carried to its logical conclusion. This was indeed Huysmans's inviolate credo: to carry the expression of intimate emotion to its highest pitch. "Against the Grain," answering some fevered need of the moment, became the breviary of the nineties in England. It is the crystallization of *fin de siècle* migraine. Certainly it remains the most consistent symbol of that languor and tired quest for whipped-up sensationalism which pervaded almost the whole of Europe at the close of the nineteenth century. It is a significant book because it voices this invalidism with insight and precision; it exhales a pallid world-weary spirit; it is beautiful and spotted just as Huysman's soul was beautiful and spotted. Again we encounter painstaking detail, a beauty of finish that is the outward token of the two edges of Huysmans's temperament, the sensory and the cerebral. It condenses not only the introverted man, but the neurasthenic age in which he lived.

In addition to his scrupulous precision which he may have derived from his Flemish ancestors who were painters, Huysmans is a superb colorist with a richness that resembles inlay jewelwork. His plan is always accessible, sharp, and concrete. This book, written by a man who was tortured all his life by nerves, reveals nevertheless an artistic soundness that must have dwelt in the writer himself. His hero, Des Esseintes, cannot bear Virgil, Horace, Tacitus, and Ovid, but Huysmans himself in his exquisite sense of form reveals both a coherence and a unity that was theirs. Des Esseintes prefers Lucan and Petronius who entice and delight him fully. He is attracted by the yellowish glitter of the parts rather than by the beauty of the whole. In "Against the Grain" the subordinate organisms at times obtrude; but the mood that emerges at last is self-contained, and the intensity of the evocation fetters and paralyzes us like a distorted dream. The book is a mosaic of mood, memory, and dream, buttressed by a perverse self-will. The sixth chapter describing Salome's dance before Herod after a painting by Gustav Moreau may well have served as the immediate stimulus for Wilde's play. Filled with unutterable loathing at the prospect, Des Esseintes in the end fares back to Paris, "where the waves of mediocrity rise to the sky." The puzzling last words of the book become clear in the light of Huysmans's subsequent conversion. "O Lord," Des Esseintes cries in penumbral despair, "pity the Christian who doubts, the skeptic who would believe, the convict of life embarking alone in the night, under a sky no longer illumined by the consoling beacons of ancient faith."

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The sheer ferocity of Huysmans's genius sets him altogether apart from the younger writers of today who voice another sort of despair and disenchantment. He is surly and aggressive; he execrates the sort of impotence which is the prevailing note sounded by the young men of today; he dares to hate; his sense of futility is sharply whetted by artificial stimuli without which the old ennui and threat of emasculation surge back with renewed force. What precisely is his worth to the young writers of this generation? It is, I think, purely aesthetic. His mood and intent are always intelligible and coherent. In its own genre, "Against the Grain" is perfect, although the author himself, curiously enough, disdained that which is balanced and perfect. PIERRE LOVING

A Fortunate Editor

The Adventure of Living. By John St. Loe Strachey. G. P. Putnam's Sons $5.

IT is with some surprise that one discovers in this volume one of the most delightful of recent autobiographies. The London *Spectator* is not a brilliant paper. Some people would even call it stodgy. Yet its editor has produced a book of reminiscences which fascinates the reader from beginning to end. Its attraction is not in piquant revelations or *chroniques scandaleuses.* By making it his rule to speak as little as possible of living persons, Mr. Strachey has deliberately denied himself many opportunities of making a sensation, and the suave and genial tone of his memoirs has further limited his chance of getting them widely quoted and talked about.

Much of the charm of this book lies in the personality it unconsciously reveals. Its title is eminently appropriate. To Mr. Strachey even the everyday routine of the editorial office brings as many thrills as the hazards of the war correspondent or the explorer of the jungle. After all, what you get from the world depends on what you expect from it, and Mr. Strachey is always on the lookout for surprises. We should all be "as happy as kings" if we possessed his power of discerning the soul of interest in dull things and dull people.

In the record of his childhood and youth Mr. Strachey paints us a most attractive picture of the life of a section of British society which is now rapidly passing away. The second son of a country squire of moderate fortune, he was born into a family with long traditions of humane culture and public service. His father, a curious blend of scholar and knight errant; his mother, a perfect example of graceful and unaffected courtesy of the old style; and his many other near relatives, whose public careers at home and abroad had given them a wide and varied knowledge of men and affairs—all these combined to provide for young Strachey a personal environment of exceptional value. There was also in the household a marvelous nurse, no less worthy of commemoration than Stevenson's—a woman who, though without any school training, developed a rare literary and artistic taste. Could anyone, Mr. Strachey justly asks, give a better lightning criticism of the Letters of Junius and their style than Mrs. Leaker's, that she did not know what it all meant but the words went to her head like brandy?

From the ancestral home of the Stracheys in Somersetshire, with its wholesome encouragement of close touch with nature, the future journalist passed to Oxford. He never went to a public school, in either the English or the American sense of the term, but received his early education from tutors. Before he entered his teens he became passionately fond of poetry, and, strange to say, found an inexhaustible delight in studying the technicalities of meter. This interest has never left him. As a Balliol undergraduate he suffered at first from his lack of classical scholarship, though he knew enough poetry and general literature to confound half the dons. He was twice plowed in Moderations, but when he turned to Modern History he found in it an enchanting field of study in which he won the coveted First Class. After an interval of forty years, owing to "a fortunate illness," he took up the ancient classics once more, this time in translations, and found in them a new star for the adventurer in the voyage of life. It was not until he abandoned all attempts to master the Greek grammar that he enriched himself by exploring the treasury of the Greek literature and began to imbibe the Greek spirit.

"The main influence of my life," says Mr. Strachey, "has been the *Spectator,* and therefore I have made the *Spectator* the pivot of my book." His experiences in the service of that paper, supplemented by those of a brief period as editor of the *Cornhill Magazine,* make this volume especially interesting and valuable to journalists. Mr. Strachey joined the staff of the famous London weekly soon after he left Oxford. From leader-writer he became, after a not very long apprenticeship, joint editor and ultimately sole editor and sole proprietor. To a student of the history of English journalism perhaps the most valuable chapter of the book is that on Meredith Townsend. The long association of Richard Holt Hutton and Meredith Townsend in the editorship of the *Spectator* is one of the most remarkable instances of successful collaboration in the records of the periodical press. Of Hutton, in spite of his prohibition of the writing of a biography, a good deal is known, but Townsend has hitherto remained very much of a mystery. Mr. Strachey's reminiscences of him now go a long way toward filling a conspicuous gap in the annals of journalism in England.

In a sane and discriminating chapter on The Ethics of Journalism Mr. Strachey accepts W. T. Stead's dictum that a main function of the journalist is to be "the watch-dog of society." He illustrated his own conception of this duty by his attitude to the attempts of Cecil Rhodes to buy newspaper support for his policies. Ardent imperialist though he himself was, Mr. Strachey strongly resented Rhodes's methods of promoting the expansion of the empire, and relentlessly exposed their dangerous character. It is interesting, by the way, to learn that a personal interview convinced Mr. Strachey that Rhodes's ability was much overrated. The story of the failure of the great man's "elephantine flatteries and civilities" to make any impression on the London editor makes good reading. With respect to the much-discussed question of signed *vs.* unsigned writing, Mr. Strachey holds that anonymity makes not for irresponsibility but for responsibility. There are many men, he believes, who, though truculent, offensive, and personal when they write with the "I," will show a true sense of moderation and responsibility when they use the editorial "we." Men, too, who write anonymously are much less likely to yield to the foolish vanity of self-assertion, and their work is less liable to be discounted through the personality of the writer. In pure literature and the arts, however, he thinks the signed article is often to be preferred.

There is room for no more than a bare reference here to Mr. Strachey's descriptions of literary and social life in London in the nineties, his character sketches of Lord Cromer, Joseph Chamberlain, John Hay, the Duke of Devonshire, and Theodore Roosevelt, his story of the "American tea-parties" he gave during the war, and his exposition of the political principles of a publicist who holds the unfashionable opinion that salvation is of the Whigs. He writes on all these subjects, as on others, in a limpid and cultivated style which is a pleasant relief from the jazz which fills so many pages nowadays. Mr. Strachey has found the writing of these memoirs, he tells us, a pleasant exercise. Let us hope that the experience will encourage him to supplement this book with the "unwritten chapters" at which he hints in taking leave of his readers.

Many familiar proper names in this book are badly misspelt—a shocking lapse for an editor—and some of Mr. Strachey's Latin quotations would profit by revision. On page 56 he writes "bores" when he means "boors." The oddest slip occurs in his account of the literary discoveries he made as editor of the *Cornhill,* where he attributes to Patchett Martin a series of books actually written by Dr. Fitchett. H.

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Modern Love

Phantom. By Gerhart Hauptmann. Translated by Bayard Quincy Morgan. B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.

IT may safely be predicted that this short novel of Hauptmann will, in most quarters, be held to be a painfully disagreeable one, of doubtful taste, and more than doubtful moral flavor. It is, on the contrary, a story of the utmost significance, of the utmost tragic force in which the elements of both physical and moral ugliness are used with a deliberate purpose that is both artistic and philosophical.

"There is none so worthless," says Phaedrus in the "Banquet," "whom Love cannot impel, as it were by a divine inspiration, toward virtue." And in the "Vita Nuova" of Dante it is written: "The rule of love is good, for it withdraws the spirit of those who are faithful to it from all evil." Thus both in antiquity and in the Middle Age there was assigned to love and beauty an inherent value, a creative impulse, a power toward the good. Modern Protestant society denies this inherent value and condemns love as wholly evil unless it appear in narrow, definite, well-guarded forms with a social label tied neatly to its sleeve. Denied inherent goodness, it may easily become a curse. The Daemon becomes a mere devil. What should have been, even to Hauptmann's little Breslau clerk, a purifying contact with the immortal Eros, the substance of another "Vita Nuova," becomes degradation, sordidness, crime. This is no fantastic interpretation. On every page of "Phantom" there is abundant evidence that Hauptmann had constantly in mind both the "Banquet" and the "New Life" and the practical and philosophical and social contrasts involved.

This government clerk, Lorenz, lived in a small room in Breslau and helped to support his widowed mother. He lived a life that was wholly unnatural, that was all dust, that never touched any of the living things in the world. He lived as thousands live in our cities, too. He had a "quite inexplicable fear of women"; fear was indeed the chief motive of his close, prudent, moral existence. Hence when, on a certain day, he saw little Veronica Harlan on the public square, the recognition of beauty and love came to him not as a divine radiance, but as a blasting flame. After his mole-like existence he was "defenseless before the inrush of that divine flame." He did not know how to worship, in the sense of Plato, nor how to live. He thought that he must hasten to make money—to make money, in order that, some day, he might present himself as an acceptable suitor at Councilor Harlan's house—at the house of the wealthy dealer in hardware. The earth began to swirl under his feet like the sea. He became a cheat, a thief; he came close to becoming a murderer. He expiated in prison and came to the healing conclusion that his guilt was not personal, that they who judged him were implicated in the crimes of him they judged. And there was a woman named Mary who waited for him and became his wife and gave him a semblance of peace. But her name, be it observed, was Mary and neither Veronica nor Melitta; her name was the name of neither the divine flame nor of its image in some other living mirror in the world.

The story is told by Lorenz in the first person. It is told with an almost legendary simplicity, a union of *Treuherzigkeit* and subtlety of perception that reminds one of a Dürer drawing. I am sorry that, in translating it, Professor Morgan has lapsed from the high standard he set himself in previous work. "He went in and out at my aunt's" is a meaningless translation for what is obviously: "Er ging bei meiner Tante aus und ein." Professor Morgan knows perfectly that he should have written: "He frequented my aunt's house." "High-flier" means nothing. *Hochstapler* is either confidence man or cheat. "Hardly ever stepped over the door-sill" is almost meaningless for "hardly ever left the house" or "crossed the threshold." "Hard-boiled" and "pipe-dream" are ghastly words to use in the texture of this narrative. And surely Professor Morgan knew that the Dr. Levine of the story did not originate the remark "Es erben sich Gesetz und Rechte wie eine ewige Krankheit fort," attributed to him on page 218. L. L.

A Question of Loyalty

Command. By William McFee. Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.90.

The Boy Grew Older. By Heywood Broun. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

THERE is not, but there should be, some exact critical term to describe the sort of novel which Mr. McFee has written. Loosely it might be called "psychological," but that is too vague to say much and in default of any exact word it can best be described as having that quality which Henry James and Joseph Conrad have in common. The theme of these last-mentioned writers is always an abstraction but an abstraction too complicated to be put exactly into words. They are striving always to evoke the sense of some individual's relation to the world and of his success or failure in achieving a harmonious existence. Taste, conceived as something not trivial but fundamental, is James's theme, but because his conception of taste is of something more subtle than that conveyed by any ordinary connotation of the word, he is perpetually engaged in defining it by positive or negative example. Spiritual integrity is Conrad's theme, but that too is too complex to be stated, and like James he appears to be constantly walking around his subject because words are not subtle enough to define it. Such too is Mr. McFee's method. He has imitated Conrad closely and, on the whole, successfully, producing a book intellectually deeper than any of his previous works.

"Command" is, though consistently interesting, not quite satisfying, for if Mr. McFee has solved his problem the reviewer has missed the solution. The story of colorful adventure in the war-time East upon which the psychological content is draped is brought to a satisfactory solution but the spiritual conflicts are not resolved. Ostensibly the story is that of a young officer of the merchant marine who never obtains the position of supreme command which he thinks that he deserves because he has not that "elusive yet indubitable mark of character which is so necessary in a commander, a gesture often closely imitated, which carries out to men the conviction that he has within him a secret repository of confidence and virtue, to be drawn upon in moments of conflict with the forces of nature and the turbulent spirits of men," and he does not have it because in moments of supreme test his allegiance is rather to himself and his interests than to the established code of the sea. The character of this commander *manqué* is analyzed with admirable subtlety, but Mr. McFee is aware of an underlying problem which he cannot quite solve. Having set out to analyze the character of a commander he is distracted from time to time by the question, "What is a commander worth?" He sees, for example, the fairly obvious fact that England fought the war for the sake of a class and that a man might die nobly without having the intelligence to realize that he died for something not worth dying for. Faced with the mere opportunism of his hero, Mr. Spokesly, he wishes to proclaim the "theirs but to do and die" principle, but as an intelligent man he realizes to what horrors the conception of obedience as the ultimate virtue can lead. He pillories his hero for his lack of essential loyalty and then is disturbed because that seems to imply that loyalty is enough and because he is himself not quite sure what are the limitations of that virtue.

Fundamentally the root of Mr. McFee's difficulty is the English soul and the amazing inclusions and exclusions of the code of Good Form. It is perfectly possible, for instance, for your Englishman to steal the whole Indian Empire with perfect composure and then be moved to the height of self-righteous contempt when a native boy steals a cartridge-belt from his colonel. No doubt the secret of this irrationality lies in the

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conception of loyalty, for the colonel was true to the traditions of his race and betrayed only strangers, while the native thieved from his master. Thus a perfectly upright conscience and a limited imagination explain the paradox of the English soul but they do not get Mr. McFee out of his difficulty. "Unquestioning devotion to the traditions of the sea is the condition of success and service" he seems to proclaim in a loud voice and then to add in an undertone "How silly these traditions sometimes are!" As a seaman he is distressed by a perception of the calamities into which a world composed of men each doing the duty nearest him can be precipitated, and it is perhaps only his long training in his profession which prevents him from ever quite taking the bold step of admitting that conscience, unsafe as it is, is a safer guide than loyalty—a safer guide, that is, not to a position of command but to a spiritual integrity.

Mr. Broun's unvarnished tale of a newspaper man who married a dancer and was left with a baby on his hands lacks both the merits and the defects of Mr. McFee's complexity. It is agreeable and easy reading with touches of the breezy humor familiar to all readers of Mr. Broun's "column" but it is not memorable. The events which formed the starting-point of the story were well known to New York a few years ago and the hero's struggle with his infant have already been told, in the first person, in the "column." Accordingly the book is good and bad in the way in which rather direct transcripts from life are likely to be. Its actuality and sincerity are engaging and fresh but it is never lifted into that high general significance which no reporting can attain. There are no touches of the creative imagination, and it is significant that the most striking incident is the record of an event. On a tour of inspection, General Pershing saw a very young soldier on "kitchen police" steal a glance over his shoulder at his supreme commander. The general, followed by all his aides and the correspondents, strode back to the boy. "You don't know the first thing about being a soldier," he shouted. And then to the lieutenant, "Have that man stand at attention for two hours." The fact that Mr. Broun reports this incident is worth more to the world than several ordinary novels.

J. W. KRUTCH

The Road to Citizenship

Americans by Choice. By John Palmer Gavit. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

CONSIDERING how much has been written on immigration, it is remarkable that so few books have been devoted to the kindred subject—equally important and perplexing—of naturalization. Mr. Gavit's volume, which is one of the series on Americanization arranged by the Carnegie Corporation, is a genuine contribution, containing a detailed study of the process by which the alien is inducted into citizenship. Mr. Gavit sees great improvement since the law of 1906 brought order into what had been a haphazard and often a corrupt proceeding, but he takes issue with the Bureau of Naturalization in the attempt to set itself up as an educational agency for "Americanizing" the foreigner while allowing its legitimate work to fall behind. He says that the Bureau has persistently lobbied for legislation extending its educational powers and activities.

Mr. Gavit attacks the theory that in capacity for assimilation there is a difference between the "old" and the "new" immigration in favor of the old—that, in so far as the tendency to seek citizenship is an indication, the races of Northern Europe are quicker to become part and parcel of our national life than are those from the south. The chief statistical basis of this idea, Mr. Gavit explains, is the report of the Immigration Commission of 1907, the figures of which in this respect he effectively demolishes as inadequate for the conclusions drawn from them. Mr. Gavit's studies lead him to conclude that there has been no change for the worse in recent years in the "inherent character-quality" of immigration to this country. Indeed, if there is any difference in assimilability between the older and the newer immigration, he believes "it is in favor of the latter."

One of the valuable features of the book is an analysis of the answers to a questionnaire sent to the approximately 1,400 judges in the country having jurisdiction in naturalization proceedings. Nearly a third of the judges replied. In regard to the advisability of an educational test for admission to citizenship 167 judges recorded themselves in favor, 157 against, and 25 were non-committal. In answer to the question if they would favor the same standards and tests for all prospective voters, native and foreign-born alike, before giving them the suffrage, 180 judges responded in the affirmative, 102 in the negative, and 44 were non-committal. A strong sentiment appeared in favor of preserving existing race restrictions in regard to citizenship, 225 judges voting against the suggestion to admit to citizenship any individual personally fit, regardless of race or color, while only 100 favored the proposal and 34 were non-committal. Although the United States stands almost alone in making naturalization a judicial process, and in spite of the extra burden that this places on the courts, the judges are strongly for maintaining the system. Asked if they favored making naturalization a purely administrative function, 48 replied Yes, and 222 No.

For his own part Mr. Gavit thinks admission to citizenship should be based upon "the personal qualifications of the individual," although he does not indicate exactly how these would be determined. "No sound basis is disclosed for discrimination on the ground of race or color, religious beliefs or political predilection," he says. And later: "The educational test assures no safety as to character." Yet he would demand ability to speak and read English—qualifications that most judges exact now, although the law requires only speaking knowledge of the language. He would maintain naturalization as a judicial function, but he would simplify its technicalities and make the examiner virtually a master who would prepare each case for the judge and whose report would normally be accepted without further ado.

ARTHUR WARNER

Books in Brief

History of the University of Virginia. By Philip Alexander Bruce. Vol. V. Macmillan. $5.

The final volume of the most notable history of an American university yet written.

Glands in Health and Disease. By Benjamin Harrow. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

A popular yet scientific statement of the actual status of this new, important, and fascinating field of medical research. A thoroughly readable presentation which enables the lay reader to separate fact from fancy in a realm of monkeys, goats, millionaires, giants, and eternal youth. A companion volume to the author's "Vitamines" (Dutton), published last year.

Afoot in England. By W. H. Hudson. Knopf. $3.50.—*The Naturalist in La Plata.* By W. H. Hudson. Dutton. $3.

Reissues, in handsome form, of books which are lucid, beautiful, and important.

Delaware and the Eastern Shore. By Edward Noble Vallandigham. J. B. Lippincott Company. $5.

A sympathetic picture of one of the lesser-known but highly individual regions of the United States. The author makes no pretense of considering the political or industrial forces in control—the problems of the present or future. Instead he has chosen the pleasanter task of showing us the character and customs of a people that has been native to the soil for many years, untouched to an appreciable degree by infusions of foreign blood or ideas. Especially good is the impression given of the Eastern Shore (of Chesapeake Bay) with its salty inhabitants for whom boats, sail or steam, are still the primary means of communication.

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Drama

"Kreisleriana"

THE play performed at the Apollo Theater under the abbreviated title of "Johannes Kreisler" is a quite faithful adaptation of "Die wunderlichen Geschichten des Kapellmeisters Kreisler" by Meinhard and Bernauer. But the names of these two clever and imaginative persons need not stop us. The play, as they would be the first to admit, is really by another. It is by that Ernst Theodor Hoffmann who assumed the added name of Amadeus because he loved Mozart so, who could not, in spite of his solid services on the Prussian bench, separate day from dream, who wrote wild stories, fantastic scores, took refuge from the discrepancy between the real and the ideal in wine, and, having founded a school of literature and added a still fadeless luster to his favorite inn, died worn out by the ardor of both spirit and spirits in his early forties. His stories are the common property of the German imagination. Everyone knows "Kater Murr," the haunting "Bergwerke zu Falun," the "Fräulein von Scuderi." Nearly everyone knows, in addition, that it was Hoffmann himself who composed an opera named "Undine" on the basis of the universally familiar fairy tale of Fouqué, that no less a person than Karl Maria von Weber praised the score which holds prophetic touches of Wagnerian orchestration; not a few know that he himself is the Kreisler of this dramatic fantasy, that in his own career comparative affluence alternated with the bitterest poverty, and that he, too, nursed throughout life the image and ideal of his first love, Julia Mark. Baudelaire and Poe loved his stories, which drew from that acrid cynic of music, Jacques Offenbach, his gentlest work and from the greatest of the romantic composers, Robert Schumann, the "Kreisleriana."

It was with these fundamental assumptions that the play was written. The authors counted on their audience's adequate preparation. And they counted and were able to count on more: on a pervasive sense for the precise mood of the great romantic age—the age of Tieck and Novalis and Eichendorff and Hoffmann and Schubert and Schumann and the revival of the folk songs and the "Gothic" imagination and the fairy tale and the blending of that mood with the German soul's identification of itself with a pure idealism that cannot conquer a harsh world and with the cult of genius. Something of Fichte had to be in the mind of the audience, something of Parsifal, the "pure fool," something of Hauptmann's Michel Hellriegel. And when, at the last meeting of the Serapion brothers in the play, their wine-hoarse voices intone the song "Guter Mond, du gehst so stille," the audience had to thrill and did thrill with memories of childhood when some grandmother sang that now rather worn ditty of the "Biedermeierzeit," the period which is so exquisitely made visual on the stage in the tiny set called Julia's Room with its green rep sofa and green rep hangings and the quaint, stiff flower-pots at the window. And all that again had other interior echoes—of the wars against Napoleon, of Körner and Schenkendorf and of gabled German cities under the light of Tieck's romantic moon.

"Mondbeglänzte Zaubernacht,
Die den Sinn gefangen hält;
Wunderbare Märchenwelt,
Steig auf in der alten Pracht."

What, precisely, is even the best and most cultivated New York audience to do with this play? The first-night audience was appreciative. It marveled at the unheard-of scenic inventions of Sven Gade, at the exquisite "Dream of Undine," the magnificent "Vision of the Black Mass," the literally incomparable Don Giovanni scene at the Potsdam Court Theater. These sets have the splendor as well as the softness of dreams; they lift the theater beyond itself into a realm of the truly romantic and poetic imagination. But one had a sense that even this visible beauty did not wholly reach eyes behind which there were none of the memories and associations from which that beauty was born. The fable, thrice repeated in the three acts, is at one with the spirit of its investiture. The poet, the composer, the eternal child of dreams, the helpless one, bruises himself against the forces of the world. To him the ideal alone lives and when it dies he dies. It is legend rather than dramatic fable, absurd enough in the light of common day, everlastingly new and true. Of this story, too, I am tempted to ask: What will our audiences do with it?

The method of presentation, the magical and nimble punching of scene after scene to the number of forty-two out of the blackness within the proscenium arch, is not calculated to project a taut or reasoned dramatic action. But it was never intended for such uses. Here, at all events, it interprets a legend, a fairy tale, a thing of the imaginative vision the truth of which is an interior and inherent one. The scenes are like a series of paintings by Moritz von Schwind. They fulfil their specific purpose and it is not just to dwell upon their inadequacy for an alien one.

Mr. Jacob Ben-Ami's acting is admirable in the more gruesome and fantastic parts; the spiritual innocence of Kreisler is a little foreign to him. He makes the German moonlight murky with daubs of Russian gloom. To Mr. Frank Reicher who directs the production and to the Selwyns who imported it, the heartiest praise and appreciation are due. The strictly contemporary art of the theater is not likely to bring us anything more astonishing or more beautiful, nor anything more freighted, to the understanding mind, with visionary truth and power.

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18.	Modern Jewish Literature	Mr. Sechooler	Thur.	7.30	1.50
19.	Psychology Applied to Individual Development	Prof. Overstreet	"	8.30	4.00
20.	An Anthropological Study of Religion	Mr. Kallet	Fri.	7.30	1.50
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The Children's Page

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The Great Race

Once, when the world was young and pink,
And the green grass tickled its toes,
And the stars hadn't yet learned how to wink,
Nor the sun how to follow its nose,
Out in the distance, back of a cloud,
A terrible quarrel brewed;
The Sun and the Moon were shouting aloud,
And they sounded exceedingly rude.

Mr. Sun called the Lady Moon names that
weren't nice,
And said she was stupid and slow.
He said he could run 'round the universe
twice
While she made up her mind if she'd go.
But the Moon said, "Look here, Sir, I'll run
you a race
That'll show you I'm faster than you.
We'll start on this cloud—such a nice, fluffy
place!—
And be back ere another day's through."

And so with great fussing and greater ado
The Sun and the Moon took their places.
And hundreds of stars—forty times quite a
few—
Stood around and kept time with their faces.
They each counted seven, then twinkled aloud
As a signal the race should begin;
And the Sun and the Moon left the edge of
the cloud,
Each one quite determined to win.

And they raced all the day and they raced
all the night,
But you couldn't tell which was ahead:
In the daytime the Moon stayed behind out
of sight,
And at night the old Sun went to bed.
And the stars, who were judges, were worried a heap,
And didn't know just what to do.
They thought if the Sun hadn't gone fast
asleep,
He'd have beaten the Lady Moon through.

But the stars loved the Moon, for she sang
through the night,
And allowed them to play with her hair;
While the Sun wouldn't let them appear in
his sight—
Why, he'd put them right out in the air!
And the Moon let them romp and roll 'round
in the sky
And have dances on thin beams of light.
But the Sun looked annoyed, and always
asked, "Why?"
When he came at the end of the night.

And so when the world was young and pink,
And the Moon and the Sun ran their race,
The stars all concluded with one mighty wink
That theirs was a difficult case.
For by daytime the Sun surely seemed to
have won,
'Though by night the Moon seemed far
ahead;
And though it is years since the race was
begun,
Their courses are still being sped.

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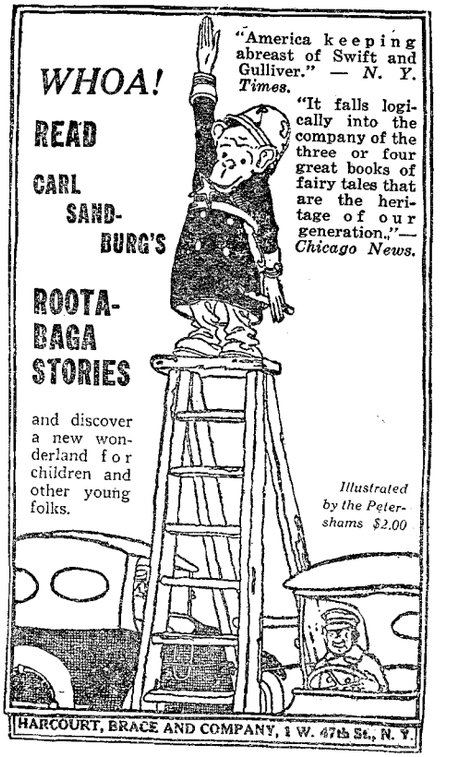

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International Relations Section

Burma for the Burmans

By WAYNE GARD

WHEN, in April, 1858, a mission from the United States, with a letter from the President expressing a desire for friendly relations with Burma, was received in Mandalay, that royal city was a blossoming center of Oriental culture. Its newly built palace was one of the few imposing examples of wooden architecture in Asia. Its streets, blazing with silk longyis and gilded pagodas, were an attraction to far pilgrims.

That glory long since has flown. Today the palace is dilapidated and rotting; little there is to interest the infrequent tourists who visit it. The city is dwindling in population. For Burma is no longer a sovereign kingdom. Its place in the map of Asia is no longer indicated by a separate color. Few Americans would be able to say more of it than to designate it as the easternmost province of British India.

Yet it is only nominally that Burma is a part of India. The Burmans have little in common with the peoples of India proper. Mongoloid by race and language, the Burman differs from the Indians also in his staunch adherence to Buddhism, a religion which has almost entirely died out in India, its mother country. Although Burma for more than a century has been a field for Christian missions, the present Christian population is less than 2 per cent of the whole. The dominant religion is Buddhism, with an admixture of animism. It was on account of these differences that Burma was specifically excluded from the India Reforms scheme.

The one interest which the people of Burma have in common with the peoples of India is disaffection toward the present government. Yet the Nationalist movement of Burma differs from that of India in its origin and in its support. The Burma nationalism is less dependent upon leaders. In India, Brahmans and others have been going about the country, urging the people to demand home rule; in Burma, the movement is of the people. Every village has its political organization. There is no Gandhi in Burma; no Gandhi is needed. Then, too, Burma nationalism is distinctly a Buddhist movement. It is the Buddhist monks, more than any others, who have taught the Burmans to seek self-government. The student strike and university boycott, inaugurated late in 1920, was religious rather than political. It was shortly after this that a rule was enforced prohibiting Europeans from visiting Buddhist pagodas without removing all footwear. Non-violent non-cooperation has been preached as the most effective method of attaining home rule. This attitude was displayed in January, 1922, when the Nationalist schools of Rangoon gave their examinations on the day of the Prince of Wales's arrival.

In passing the Burma Reforms Act, the British Parliament has attempted to pacify the Burman Nationalists and to give Burma a measure of self-government. Whether this will prove successful or not cannot now be said. In certain respects, Britain has been more liberal with Burma than with India. The important subjects of forestry and education are to be placed in the hands of Burmans; the franchise is extended to women.

In the opinion of many Burmans, the reforms were offered too late. They hold that political conditions are now past reform, that the diarchy proposed by the government is undesirable, and that only complete home rule will satisfy the Burmese people. These convictions were voiced in unmistakable terms at the Conference of Burmese Associations, held at Mandalay in October, 1921. Since the publication of the Burma Reforms and the appointment of Sir Harcourt Butler to be the first Governor of Burma, political discussion as to what attitude should be taken toward the reforms has been rife in all quarters. "To boycott or not to boycott" is the question of the day in Burma. The first formal action on the part of the people was a rejection of the reforms by the Council of Burmese Associations, the strongest and most representative of the political organizations of Burma Nationalists, by a vote of 148 to 58, in July, 1922. At a later meeting, the Council passed resolutions condemning the whole diarchial scheme as unacceptable.

This decision resulted in the secession of a number of dissenting members, including eight leaders who published a manifesto setting forth their attitude. These withdrawing leaders were of the opinion that the Nationalists could best further their interests, not by boycotting the rural self-governing bodies, but by electing their own men to these bodies and seeking their ends from within rather than from without. As the situation stands at present, the split among the Nationalists is of such a serious nature that an organized or effective boycott of the reforms will hardly be possible.

Yet, sooner or later, Burma will regain her place in the map of Asia, whether within the British Empire or without it, time and tact will determine. Known for centuries as "the Irishman of the East," the Burman under foreign rule has become restive and sometimes surly. His national emblem is the peacock, a fact of which he is always conscious. Though he does not deny that his fathers were often misruled under the Burmese kings, he remembers that these kings were Burmans, not foreigners. Though he makes no attempt to minimize the benefits which British rule has brought—the law and order, the sanitation, the schools, the hospitals—he is continually aware of the price which has been taken—subjection to foreign rule. He remembers, too, that he lives in a country more literate than Italy, free from the famines which bring devastation to many parts of Asia, rich in exports of rice, timber, and oil; and he believes that Burma is worthy of the independence which she seeks.

A New Peace

ON December 7 the Women's International Conference at the Hague, composed of a large number of national and international organizations, adopted this resolution:

This conference . . . organized by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, declares that the present terrible state of Europe and its reactions on the rest of the world are the result not only of the World War but also in very large measure of the existing peace treaties.

These treaties are contrary to the armistice terms (e.g., President Wilson's Fourteen Points). They are inconsistent with the spirit of the League of Nations as expressed in the preamble of the Covenant, and do in fact "endanger the peace of the world" (Article 19 of the Covenant). They have proved disastrous alike from the political, economic, military, and psychical aspects.

They have (a) prevented economic reconstruction on a basis of international cooperation and the satisfaction of international interests by treating this matter as one to be settled by those nations alone which achieved military predominance in the World War; (b) recognized and created animosities and suspicions which make disarmament by land, sea, and air increasingly difficult and the abolition of chemical and bacteriological warfare practically impossible; (c) retarded the establishment of a League of Nations universal, democratic, and fully effective.

Therefore this conference demands a new peace based on new international agreements, and its members resolve to work unremittingly by every means in their power to bring about the convening of a world congress through the instrumentality of the League of Nations, of a single nation, or a group of nations in order to achieve A NEW PEACE.

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Drowning Out British Prestige in India

THE recent devastating floods in Northern Bengal developed some interesting political aspects, detailed by the special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. It is worth remarking that this writer has never shown any sympathy with the activities of the Indian non-cooperators. Extracts from his account, printed on December 12, follow:

I have been spending a few days in the flood-devastated region of Northern Bengal, and have heard and seen a good deal that is instructive. Northern Bengal is in the Ganges delta, low-lying rice land intersected by river channels and traversed by railway embankments which run athwart the natural lines of drainage. There was a very heavy rainfall from the 25th to the 27th of September and the waters rose to an unprecedented height, submerging the cultivated lands and topping and finally reaching the railway embankments. The area affected was about 2,000 square miles of country, with a population of over a million. Mercifully the loss of human life was comparatively small. Not more than sixty people were drowned, but throughout 700 square miles of a thickly populated countryside more than half the houses collapsed, all the fodder was ruined, and at least 12,000 head of cattle perished. Further, the main crop was utterly, or all but utterly, destroyed over an extent of 500 square miles. The losses in the rest of the affected tract were less serious, but by no means negligible.

When this calamity occurred the Government were well above flood level, in the hills above Darjeeling. (They are still there, by the way.) The early reports seem to have given them no conception of the gravity of the situation. They were slow to move, and when at last they began to take action the action taken was inadequate, and what they gave was given ungraciously, reluctantly, and under pressure of public opinion. That at least was the impression left on the minds of the general public of Bengal.

In these circumstances a professor of chemistry, Sir P. C. Roy, stepped forward and called upon his countrymen to make good the Government's omissions. His call was answered with enthusiasm. The public of Bengal in one month contributed three lakhs of rupees, rich women giving their silks and ornaments and the poor giving their spare garments. Hundreds of young men volunteered to go down and carry out the distribution of relief to the villagers, a task which involved a considerable amount of hard work and bodily discomfort in a malarious country.

What greatly aggravated the public's dissatisfaction with the Government's attitude was the fact that the disaster is generally attributed to the faulty design of the railways, which is believed to make very inadequate provision for the passage of flood water. There is much evidence to support this view, but it was only after a lapse of a month and a half that the Government promised an inquiry into the question.

The enthusiasm of the response to Sir P. C. Roy's appeal was due partly to the Bengali's natural desire to score off the foreign government, partly to genuine public sympathy with the sufferers, and very largely to Sir P. C. Roy's remarkable personality and position. Sir P. C. Roy is a scientist of world-wide repute. I do not think he can be said to be an orthodox non-cooperator, but he is a very strong Nationalist, a very strong critic of the Government, and the editor of the best monthly review in India. He is also a real organizer and a real teacher. It was he who made the Calcutta College of Science. I heard a European saying, "If Mr. Gandhi had only been able to create two more Sir P. C. Roys he would have succeeded in getting Swaraj within his year." . . .

When I reached the affected villages a month and a half had elapsed since the flood. The waters had subsided, but the extent of the damage done was still very obvious, and the various relief agencies were hard at work. The largest and most business-like looking agency was Sir P. C. Roy's Bengal Relief Committee. This is not a political organization, but I did not find any one among its up-country workers who was not a non-cooperator. In charge of its relief operations was a young Bengali who passed into the Indian civil service a couple of years back, became a convert to non-cooperation, threw up his appointment, and has since been in training for politics. Under him were a couple of hundred volunteer workers, mostly between the ages of 17 and 25. A few were clerks in merchants' offices whose employers had granted them leave to enable them to take up the work. There were also doctors for the medical work, but the great majority were regular Congress propagandists and organizers, many of them boys who had left government schools and colleges at Mr. Gandhi's call. Among them I found a young non-cooperating Indian Christian and a young Hindu who had been interned on suspicion of complicity with the pre-war terrorist conspiracy. These two were both men of some ability occupying positions of trust.

Altogether the organization looked pretty good, and the spirit of the volunteers was excellent. The men really do go into the villages, see things for themselves, and make detailed inquiries regarding losses from the villagers on the spot. Then they either bring the villagers what they need or give the villagers written orders authorizing them to draw what they need from conveniently situated centers. Much food, medicine, and clothing have thus been distributed to the villagers, and a beginning is being made with the distribution of house-building material and cattle fodder. Other minor volunteer relief agencies are also at work, and the Government have done and are doing a good deal. But my inquiries on the spot suggested that there was some justification for the popular complaint regarding the Government's attitude, and they made it quite clear that the Government have lost immensely in prestige over the whole affair, and that non-cooperation has won what the Government have lost, thanks to the fine work of Sir P. C. Roy's volunteers.

I saw and talked with all sorts and conditions of men—minor Indian government officials, local board officials, small lawyers, zamindars, railwaymen, non-cooperating volunteers, and villagers. There was a general consensus of opinion to the following effect: Six years ago the meter-gauge railway was converted into a broad gauge. The waterways were then drastically curtailed—the curtailment was nearly 50 per cent of their capacity in some sections. This was responsible for a serious flood in 1918, a minor flood in 1920, and finally for the present disaster. The Government had been deaf to the warnings of local officers, and now the Government's railway experts are reluctant to admit the extent of the damage done and the part which the railway embankments played in holding up the waters. The Government have missed and the non-cooperators have seized a great opportunity for winning the affections of the villagers. . . .

It is rumored that it cost the Government R.20,000 in officers' pay and traveling allowance to distribute R.20,000 worth of seed. This last is an estimate, not an audited figure, but with my own eyes I saw an agricultural expert busy checking the work of two agricultural experts who were busy doing nothing, so I should not be surprised if the estimate proves to be under the mark.

I met a station-master who had been living with his wife and new-born child at a country railway station. With the first rise of the waters his wife was driven out of her quarters and compelled to take refuge in the ticket office. This refuge she shared with four snakes. The station-master counted twenty snakes on a little tree that grew on the platform just outside his window. All the snakes in the country had been flooded out of their holes and were seeking refuge, like the men, on any dry ground that showed above the flood. A further rise of the waters warned the station-master that it was time to go up higher. He crossed the line to the goods shed, piled up sacks of tobacco and rice as high as he could get them to go, and took

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refuge on top of this platform with his wife and child. That was at 1 p. m. At 8 p. m. the water had reached them and was still rising, and they gave up hope. At 10 p. m. the child died and thereafter the waters began to fall. If that was the experience of a station-master living in a solid masonry building, what sort of a night did the villagers pass, with their mud huts crumbling and collapsing as soon as the waters rose above the floor? Many of them took to the trees and spent two or three days without food before they could be taken off in boats. I heard of a small local landholder who had been doing rescue work on his own in a boat. The second day after the flood had reached its height he found one house still standing, and in it two hens, a jackal, a hare, and two men, not to mention the usual snakes.

One member of the Government took occasion the other day to enunciate the proposition that the Government is not a charitable institution. If he had been round seeing the effects of the flood for himself and hearing the experiences of the sufferers he would have waited for a more suitable moment at which to give expression to this thought.

The fact is the Government were overcautious when it was the moment to be generous, even lavish. The villagers had lost most of their annual income and a great proportion of their small stock or capital, and they had been frightened almost out of their wits. . . . The local officers did what they could, but the Government did not give them the money or the promises they needed to reassure the cultivator. They left it to the Bengal Relief Committee to do this, and the non-cooperators will reap, and will deserve to reap, the fruits of the good seed sown by Sir P. C. Roy's volunteers. All the local officers tell me that the volunteers have won the gratitude of the villagers, and that the villagers will follow their lead at the next election. I visited one of the minor relief centers with a government officer. The villagers there told us plainly that "Gandhi Maharaj" (no longer "Mahatma Gandhi," but now "Gandhi Maharaj") and his followers had saved the countryside, that they would vote for Gandhi Maharaj at the next election, that they would like to replace the European officers by Indian officers who would understand them and have sympathy with them like Gandhi's volunteers, and that they prayed that Swaraj would come soon to make them happy.

Hungary and the Jews

THE anti-Semitism rampant throughout Central Europe has been eloquently described in a statement by Paul Sandor, the one Jewish member of the Hungarian National Assembly.

After a period of terror lasting for three years, the pressure of foreign public opinion and the movement toward consolidation within the country have brought to Hungarian Jewry a certain respite, notwithstanding the fact that the anti-Semitic regime still goes on. In this spell of calm, which may be but an interval before the storm breaks again, it will be well to give a little thought to the horror of the times through which we have passed. To recount all the injustices, the persecutions, and the tortures which have had to be endured and to some extent are still being endured by the Jewish population of Hungary (which not for a single moment swerved from its loyalty to its fatherland, and participated far beyond its powers in the efforts of the war and in the movement to counteract the doings of the extremist revolutionaries) is not merely difficult but actually impossible. These things are beyond description. . . . Instead, therefore, of dealing with the sufferings of Hungarian Jewry as a whole—an impossibility—I will confine myself to relating my own experiences during these past three years.

I was distinguished from among all my other Jewish fellow-citizens by being a privileged person. I was protected by my right of immunity as a member of Parliament. I could not be molested. My public activity, reaching back many years, was

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beyond suspicion. There was not a single episode, however slight, which could be manipulated by the anti-Semitic press, no matter what its wishes, to throw discredit upon me. The demagogic agitators who went about the country inciting the mob had nothing to seize upon in my public or my private life to use for their purposes; willy-nilly, they were forced to be quiet. Yet, despite that, neither the terror of the Bolshevists nor the subsequent terror of the anti-Semites left me untouched.

Which of the two was harder to bear? One was as despicable as the other. Perhaps the second period of terror was the more despicable because the things which were done out of lust for revenge were worse than those which were committed under bolshevism, which on the whole contented itself with employing the terror in order to attain its communist ends.

What was the feeling dominating us at the time it is difficult now to say. Perhaps it would be best put in these words—we never knew if the next hour would still find us alive. There was one moment when I was unofficially given to understand that I had best leave the country, because my life was not worth a penny piece. But I refused to run away. A friend of mine, a locksmith, secured my door with a few sound locks. On the table of my bedroom I kept constantly ready two loaded revolvers, and as I had always had a steady hand and a steady eye, I felt that I was sufficiently safe. Letters threatening me came in stacks, but that is the sort of thing to which people become easily accustomed. I still believe that the best weapon a man can have is courage and fearlessness. . . .

It is obvious that peaceful citizens who go quietly about their work are not ordinarily armed and organized; consequently, they were in such a state that it was out of the question to think of resistance, even the slightest, to the activity of the terrorists. Night after night the Jews were assaulted. Night after night there was blood running in the streets. The terrible things which were done reached such a pitch that the more thinking Christians were shocked out of their indifference, and without having any particular sympathy toward their Jewish fellow-citizens, they were compelled to make a stand against the excesses.

Particular gratitude is due to Count Albert Apponyi, to whom during these dark days hundreds of our suffering coreligionists appealed, and not in vain; also to the courageous Protestant Bishop Desider Balthasar, who, faced by thousands of perils, his own life threatened, held high the banner of liberal thought, and let the lash of his words fall unmercifully on all who deprived fellow-men of their lives. My most profound gratitude also to the Nestor of Hungarian publicists, Eugene Rakosi, who, though strictly conservative in views, fought with the whole power of his mighty pen against the White Terror. . . .

We Hungarian Jews were therefore left to our own resources. At last it was possible to bring the Jewish question on to the floor of the National Assembly, the only forum from which we could appeal to all circles. Never in my life shall I forget the speech which I delivered in the Assembly in February, 1920. I showed that the *Hungarian* Jews had come into the country together with the Magyars, that it was not the fault of the Jews that Hungary had lost the war. . . . I showed that the Jews of Hungary were as useful a part of the population as the members of other sects. Under normal circumstances this speech should have taken about an hour and a half to deliver; actually, however, it took about three and a half hours. The whole of the time I was speaking there was a rain of insulting interjections aimed at my head. . . . Anti-Semitism was brought into Hungary by immigrant Germans. That can be proved by the fact that the leaders of the anti-Semites in Hungary bear German names such as Haller, Wolff, Friederich, etc. The fathers of these people came into Hungary only a decade or two ago from Germany or Bohemia and it is they who are now feeling themselves qualified to preach the doctrine of pure Magyar race. I do not believe for an instant that these hot-heads are convinced anti-Semites. I hold that they are using anti-Semitism only as a means with which to encompass their political aims. . . .

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